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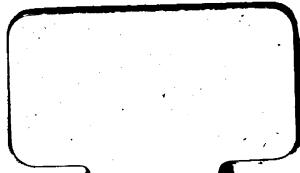
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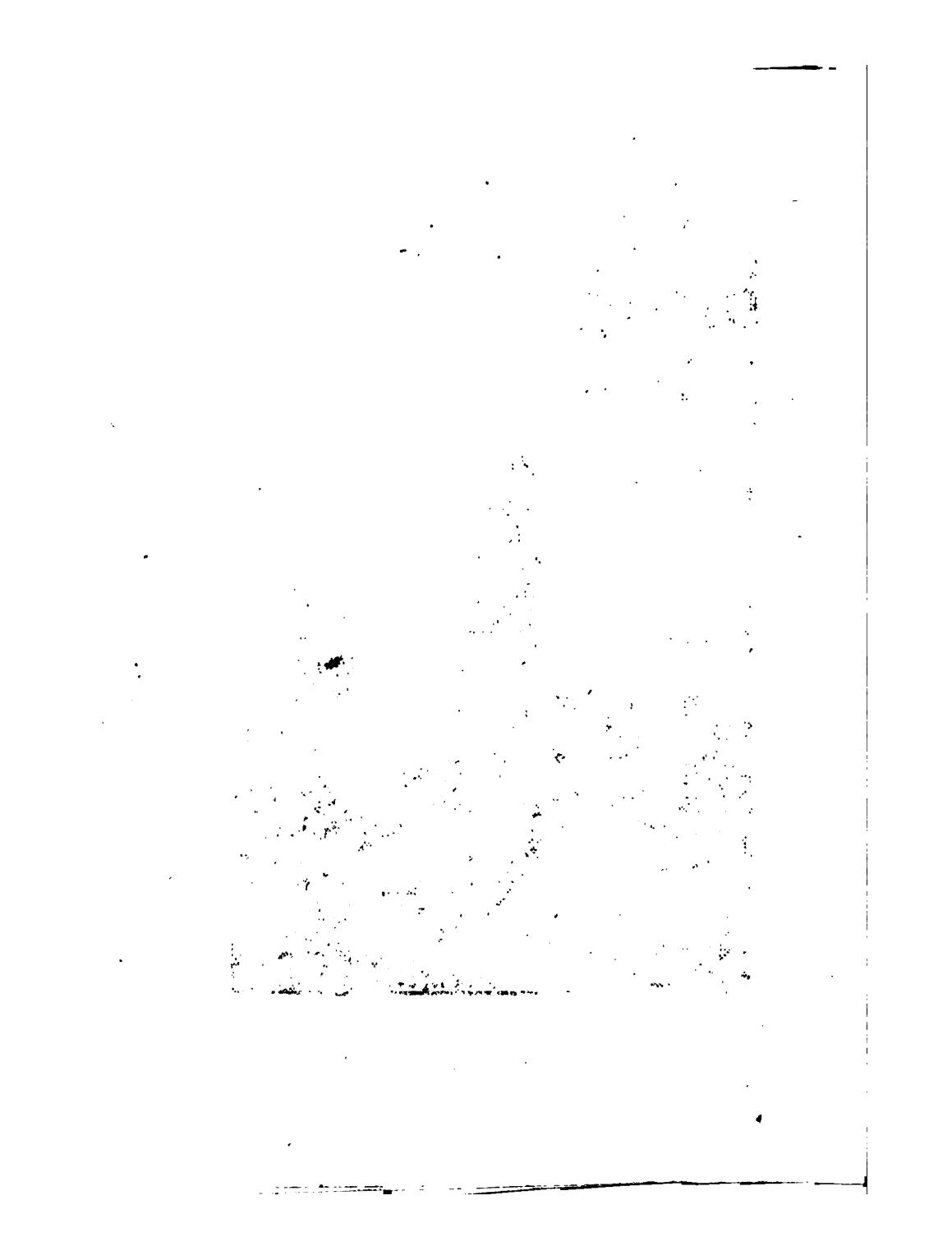


A. T. G.

"Bard of the silver strings and mellow voice!"

*Int. page 2*

REB



# The Raid of Albya,

A HISTORIC POEM

BY  
WILLIAM D. CAMPBELL.



*A. Thom.*

WILLIAM MACKENZIE,  
GLASGOW, EDINBURGH & LONDON,

1854.

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# THE RAID OF ALBYN,

A HISTORIC POEM,

BY

WILLIAM D. CAMPBELL.

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND ADDENDA,

BY HIS FATHER,

DONALD CAMPBELL.

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Printed and Published by

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1854.

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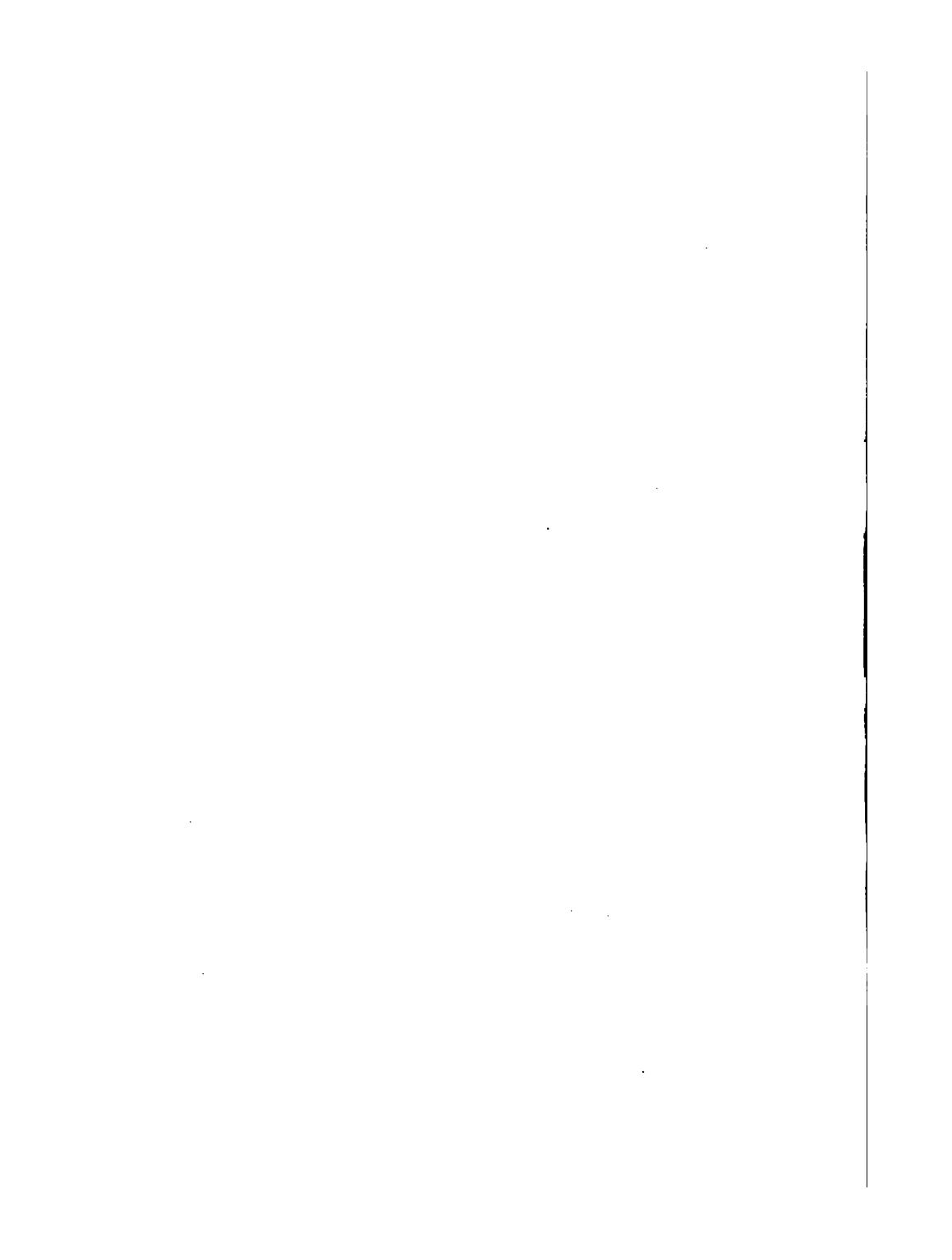


## DEDICATION.

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To those GENTLEMEN of the PERIODICAL and NEWS-PAPER PRESS of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND, who can as little countenance a violation of the rights of property in the persons of the millions as of the thousands—who cannot conceive any means whereby a people can be deprived of any of their inherent and national rights, excepting by conquest, or by a legislative enactment sanctioned by themselves—who cannot see how the desolation of districts, and the expatriation of their inhabitants, can contribute to the prosperity of a country, or the welfare of a people ;—and who, therefore, desire to preserve the Gael of Scotland and Ireland to their country, so long as either kingdom contains land in an ill-cultivated or waste state, on which they may be profitably employed and comfortably subsisted, “THE RAID OF ALBYN,” written for and devoted to that object, is respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHORS.



## P R E F A C E.

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In submitting the following pages to the public, I have not lost sight of the great difficulty of securing for them the careful consideration I desire. The changes have so often been rung of late on the indolent and old world character of the Highlanders, that we are led to consider the high position attained by many of them in our own favorite walks, as some curious anomaly, rather than as contradictory of the popular clamour. That we may set a just value, however, upon the impressions now current about our northern neighbours, it is sufficient to know that they are derived from the creatures of those who have insulted humanity, by placing sheep, and others of the brute creation, in the position nature designed for man. This at once affords a key to the motives of those shameless detractors, who, under the shadow of the national apathy resulting from their misrepresentations, are annually exporting ship loads of her Majesty's truest subjects. The present position of the Highlanders who are yet left, is simply this:—

The bulk of the people hold crofts, at will, from absentee

proprietors, which crofts are under the supervision of factors, grieves, bailiffs, ground officers, and others, appointed for the purpose. It is a duty such officials owe their employers, to wring the utmost farthing out of the lands; and, in too many instances, they seem to consider it a duty they owe themselves, to create expensive and vexatious legal proceedings for their own periodical benefit. As might fairly be expected, this oppressive machinery strikes at the very root of native industry. If a crofter improves his holding, his rent is immediately raised to a ruinous extent, or he must turn out before a higher bidder. If his bothy is repaired or extended, the same result invariably attends his labour and his outlay. The consequence, of course, is, that no improvement can be effected—the people, instead of keeping pace with the age, sink into an unnatural state of sloth and inactivity; and both proprietor and tenant are necessarily reduced to ruin by degrees.

To see the last vestiges of a warlike and generous race reduced to poverty by the exactions of their own aristocracy, is of itself a very melancholy spectacle; but when their homely virtues and patriotic feelings are operated upon, to coerce a people to submit to rack-rents and spoliation, until every resource is exhausted, and they are left in utter destitution rather than seek a refuge in emigration, we cannot sufficiently reprobate such cold, calculating cruelty. Yet it is possible to carry oppression still further. Many Highland chiefs, whose social position, as the fathers of their people, places their depravity in a still more glaring light, have not only reduced their clansmen to extreme destitu-

tion, but now, when their position forbids the possibility of crushing another penny out of the famishing wretches, they fill up the measure of their inhumanity by a systematic extirpation of the race. It is more profitable, they say, to convert their estates into sheep walks, game preserves, and deer forests, than to support human beings on their lands. But surely it is contrary to the spirit of our laws, that a Sutherland, or a Breadalbane, should amass the wealth of a Croesus at the expense of the people's extermination! Regarding the mountainous districts of a country as its natural nursery of hardihood and manly vigour, and knowing the necessity of sustaining the physical condition of our manufacturing classes, by a regular and sustained infusion of new life and energy, we have every reason to regard with alarm the depopulation of the Highlands, at the discretion of a class that is not itself invaluable to the community. And yet, whether it be from ignorance or apathy on the part of Government, there have been no steps taken to limit this outrageous system.

I am no grievance-monger, and have no sympathy with those who would elevate the poor at the expense of the rich. On the contrary, I firmly believe that the happiness of one class is providentially dependent upon that of the other; and in that faith I invite your sympathy in the following picture of a people, who were generous and lofty in prosperity, as they are patient, manly, and honest under misfortune.

For obvious reasons, I have introduced an old bard to the reader, whose respect and veneration for former chiefs

would interfere with a free discussion of the conduct of their descendants. The first three Cantos will, therefore, be read as emanating from one of the last members of an order now extinct, and the others as from a youthful bard, whose feelings are more appropriate to a later generation.

## INTRODUCTION.

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"Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth on the face of the earth."—Gen. ii. 5.

AFTER the clans had sealed their devotion to the ancient dynasty of Scotland upon the disastrous field of Culloden, the British Government, instead of securing to itself, for the future, that martial enthusiasm and generous loyalty so conspicuous in the struggle, by humane and conciliatory measures, preferred the sweeping policy of breaking the spirit and nationality of the whole Highlanders, and crushing the strength which had already ceased to be formidable, by a series of rigorous legislative enactments—making war against their ancient costume itself. As the alarm subsided, a system was adopted apparently more humane and enlightened, but in reality quite as disastrous, so far as the people were concerned; although its operation has been so insidious and protracted, that we are just becoming alive to its results in the melancholy aspect of poverty and desolation which the Highlands now present. The broken spirit and heartless apathy of the Highlanders, enabled the chiefs, when the estates were restored, to arrogate to them-

selves the unlimited proprietorship of the clan estates; by which means, the clansmen, isolated as they were from the seat of government and the law courts, which in the south were beginning to keep a more watchful eye over the interests of the masses, were degraded by the change into a position as helpless as that of the Saxon serfs in the worst days of feudalism. Parliament was shut against them, for they were represented there, as they still to a considerable extent are, by chiefs or their nominees, who thus became in a manner absolute, and began to look upon the original owners of the soil as a dangerous incumbrance upon their estates—to be stripped, impoverished, and expatriated, at convenience. The law was shut against them, for its administrators in the Highlands are generally nominees of the chiefs; and if it were not, we can hardly wonder that the Highlanders should hesitate to seek justice from the laws of a country, whose tender mercies they measured by the atrocities of Cumberland's dragoons at Culloden, and whose paternal rule was interpreted by the very enactments which they had so much reason to denounce. Such a change must have proved particularly galling to a race that had repelled, with indignation, every attempt that had been made to encroach upon their native rights; who had maintained their independence intact throughout the struggles of centuries, and ridiculed the idea, that an unconquered country could be divested of its lands and liberties by the dash of a monarch's pen, appended to a sheepskin title-deed, and handed to a superior, elected by themselves. In a country divided into two classes, chiefs and clansmen, and

which had previously been blessed with a community of blood, interests, and principles among its people, it may readily be conceived what the effect would be, of placing absolute power in the hands of the chiefs, whose banishment had already estranged them from those sympathies with the clansmen which their selfish ambition urged, and their new authority enabled them so readily to throw aside. But that we may thoroughly realize the disastrous character of the usurpation, which has ended in the depopulation of the Highlands, we must take a brief glance at the position of the country at the restoration of these forfeited estates.

The patriarchal system was not adapted for a period of warlike tumult and aggression; for unless the safety of the state should demand their swords, the home interests of the clans were always sufficiently powerful to prevent their entering the field. The kings of Scotland seem to have been conscious of the weakness of the patriarchal system in this respect, at a very early period of our history. The independence of the chiefs, who, even so late as the reign of James the First, presented the points of their swords when their charters were demanded, interfered with that compact military organization, which enabled England to take such an imposing stand among the nations in the days of feudalism. Peace, and its attendant train of social happiness, general prosperity, and equal rights, seems to have been characteristic of the patriarchal system; while war, with all its imposing array of grandeur and magnificence, with its concentration of power

in the hands of the few, and its debasing vassalage and serfdom among the many, seems to have been equally characteristic of feudalism. In warlike times, the former had its disadvantages—in peace, the latter system was ruinous; for it required to be supported by feeding upon native industry, when it could no longer extort supplies from the enemy. It is thus associated, in every reflecting mind, with features repugnant to humanity.

The Highlands of Scotland were never conquered—never ceded—never alienated from the original proprietors of the soil. Desirous of organizing the people, and rendering their power available to subserve ambitious projects, the kings of Scotland distributed charters among superiors of lands in the Lowlands, and similar commissions to chiefs throughout the Highlands. In England, the granting of charters of lands and jurisdictions by the king, was legalised by the Great Council of the Nation, in the days of William the First; “but in Scotland,” says Chalmers, “there cannot anywhere be found such a legislative enactment, if we except that despicable fabrication, the *Leges Malcolmi*.” The people being at that time the strength of their chiefs, and valued accordingly, were little or nothing prejudiced by such charters in the Lowlands; and the feudal power was accordingly quietly consolidated in the south, in so far as the vassals were concerned. But in the Highlands, into which foreign ideas and influences were always slow to penetrate, the charters were, as a matter of policy, concealed from the clansmen, or, if produced at all, created such a storm as the chiefs were glad to allay by

the destruction of the obnoxious documents. England, from whose Norman conquerors the feudal system was borrowed by the Scottish kings, was placed, by conquest, on a totally different footing from Scotland, whose liberties had often been menaced, but never destroyed; and the idea that her rights were to be trampled upon, her clans subjugated, and her independence violated by the distribution of parchment missives, is an absurdity that could never have originated but in the crazed and distorted brains of the Stewart kings. Yet, strange as it may seem, those charters in the Lowlands have survived the revolutions of centuries—every contemporary institution has been shaken to its foundation—the Church of Rome has been hurled to the ground—the very family, whose arrogant pretensions gave birth to those charters, has passed from the throne and from the earth; yet those parchment instruments retain more than their pristine power, confer honours and wealth upon their holders, and prop a host of families in lazy magnificence, whose representatives, if left to the consequences of their own actions, ought long ago to have found a more natural level, and perhaps a more useful place in society. But however great the influence which the overstrained prerogative of the Crown exercised in the immediate vicinity of the Court, the arrogant and unfounded pretensions of the reigning family were lost on the rugged and fiery natures of our northern countrymen. Parchment was thrown away upon a people who recognized no law but the *cleachda*, or use and wont, and no power but that of the claymore. Such was the fate of every charter that

crossed the Grampians—every foot beyond reduced the value of the monarch's seal, and by the time it reached its destination, its mangled Latin was no better than Camancha. But this estimation of the Royal will proved distasteful at Court, and such chiefs as could not or would not enforce their charters, were superseded by grants in favor of such aspiring nobles as had the impudence to assert, and flattered themselves they had the power to enforce, the Royal usurpation. Hence the feuds, the reprisals, the continued discord and petty warfare that raged in the Highlands for ages, between the holders of Royal charters and such of the clans as refused to surrender their native districts to feudal usurpation. No wonder that the Highlanders proved restive under such treatment. It may be that the policy of the Stuart kings was suitable for their times; but whatever may be the opinion on this point, I presume there are few men who will deny that the mischief of their government should not be perpetuated in the nineteenth century; and that the men who found their greatness upon such titles, ought to be very careful how they use their power. The laws of entail must be swept away; we must have no artificial prop to an aristocracy that, so far as the Highlands are concerned, have proved fatal to its prosperity. And if it is expedient that the lands should belong to individuals instead of to the nation, let the present possessors be bound to a system of management, that will conduce to the country's strength and prosperity. If their extravagance reduces them to bankruptcy, why not permit them to sell, and leave the lands open to

competition among men, whose possession of capital affords some guarantee of profitable management ?

The apathy with which Scottish affairs are regarded by the British Government has long been matter of notoriety ; and although the misery of the people in the North has long been apparent to our rulers, they have considered the munificent assistance rendered by the humane and benevolent throughout the empire, as amply sufficient to meet every exigency. Hence no inquiry has been instituted into the oppressive system which devastates our unfortunate country, and gnaws, like a hideous ulcer, upon the vitals of our prosperity. The Scottish Highlands are fast sinking into a wilderness—cultivation is neglected—villages are devoted to the flames—every vestige of former comfort has been swept away ; and the miserable remnant now left of the people, squalid, degenerate, and dispirited, wander, the mere ghosts of humanity, among scenes once sacred to the liberties, virtues, and happiness of a noble race.

A creature of the Duke of Sutherland, named Sellars, was arraigned before a tribunal of justice in the North, charged with such an array of crimes as have “seldom disgraced the criminal records of a country,” according to the judicial report of Sheriff M’Kid, quoted elsewhere. About forty witnesses were examined by Sheriff M’Kid before proceedings were instituted, upon which evidence the charges against the destroyer were founded. And what was the result ? By some fatality, which has never been explained to the satisfaction of the people, the evi-

dence failed, and he was acquitted, while every man that took part in the proceedings has been pursued with the unrelenting vengeance of those in power, and "the integrity manifested by the sheriffs, Cranstoun and M'Kid, continues the pamphlet, "led to their dismissal from office immediately after the trial." Such facts are indeed startling, and demand the most searching inquiry, if the ducal coronet and the administration of justice would be kept above suspicion. Shall the cold-blooded atrocity of turning human beings into the open air during the prevalence of typhus fever, many of them raging with delirium at the moment, be permitted—nay, sanctioned by law—in a country like this? And are the highest law officers in the North—men appointed, we are fondly led to believe, to administer justice among the people—to be so completely under the control of those in power, that they dare not take cognizance of such deeds as those? "Strong parties for each district, furnished with faggots and other combustibles, rushed on the dwellings of this devoted people, and immediately commenced setting fire to them, proceeding in their work with the greatest rapidity, till about three hundred houses were in flames. The consternation and confusion were extreme; little or no time was given for the removal of persons or property, the people striving to remove the sick and the helpless before the fire should reach them"—"the cries of the women and children, the roaring of the affrighted cattle, hunted at the same time by the yelling dogs of the shepherds, amid the smoke and fire, altogether presented a scene that completely baffles description: it

required to be seen to be believed."\* And what are the crimes thus fearfully expiated? What is the excuse offered for such proceedings? Simply, that the people are lazy, and "opposed to innovation and improvement." If true, those vices are very detestable; but surely the penalty is too severe. Banishment itself is, perhaps, too severe a punishment for such faults. I have no doubt many kind-hearted people would think the natural consequences of such irremediable sloth sufficiently deplorable, but it is surely too much to burn their little household property, destroy their cattle and scanty crops, and then turn them adrift upon the world in utter helplessness and destitution. Under almost any circumstances, the sick might have been permitted to linger undisturbed for a time, and the dying might surely have been left to depart in peace; as for the healthier victims, if so hopelessly useless as is represented, what but starvation and death was before them—the long lingering death of gaunt and bony famine? But the charge of laziness is as untrue as the heartlessness of such a system is offensive to humanity. If "innovation" means robbing the people of home and hearth—if "improvement" means burning the houses and devastating the lands, there is really some foundation for the latter charge; but if the words are applied in the usual acceptation, there never was a more gross and gratuitous calumny. What real improvement could be effected in a country under such

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\* M'Leod's 'Sutherland Clearances.' Ed., 1841. For further extracts see Notes.

management? Nothing can be more clear than that it ceases to be the interest of the crofter to lay out his little means, or employ the labour of himself and family, in keeping either house or soil in order, when his outlay affords a pretext for a ruinous increase of rent, or for ousting him before a higher bidder. Let any man fancy himself in this position, and then say in what his conduct would differ from that of the Highlander? He might leave the country, and seek elsewhere that living which his native land denied him. True; and this also does the Highlander. During the harvest they come down in thousands to the South, and, in their conduct here, no man can honestly find a shadow of reason for the malignant aspersions of their oppressors. Such of the Gael as can overcome their home attachments and live in voluntary exile, are not the least successful men of the age, whether in war, commerce, or literature; and as to those poor outcasts who have found a shelter from oppression in foreign lands, we have no reason to lament the change, so far as their circumstances are concerned; but the heart-wounds, the tearing asunder of home ties and cherished associations, such of our fellow-men as can believe that mankind are subject to such natural weaknesses, must see that the gilding of outward prosperity cannot recompense the Highland exile for those home feelings and attachments which are lost to him for ever in leaving Albion. And how is the independence and prosperity of the country to be maintained when the people are expatriated?

We have thus seen that, in the Highlands, while indo-

lence and poverty are rewarded by low rents and security, labour and improvement pay the assured penalty of new exactions or expulsion. Hence the apparent sloth on the part of the people, and the rage for some beneficial change on the part of proprietors: and hence, too, that fatal panacea of factors, division of properties into immense sheep-walks, and the expatriation of the present crushed and impoverished tenantry. There are other hidden influences at work—such as the dread of an able-bodied poor-law—which incline the Highland landlords to adopt the clearance system; but it is sufficient for our purpose to expose the simple fact, that **INDUSTRY IS RUIN** in the Highlands. I should be sorry to think that the motives of proprietors are so nefarious as their actions would lead us to suppose. And yet, what are we to think when told that one part of the country was swept of its population, because, forsooth, they were “opposed to innovation and improvement;” another part converted into a forest, because it was but “thinly peopled;” another swept, because it was “too densely populated;” another, because it was of recent occupation; and another, apparently, because the people were in possession for centuries? In fact, there is no end to the reasons why the Highlanders should be exterminated. One noble landlord considers them “an interesting and gallant race,”\* yet he drives them out; another abuses and maligns them as everything that is worthless, and he is equally bent upon their destruction. All, however, affect to be

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\* Breadalbane.—See ‘Perthshire Advertiser,’ June, 1863.

animated by the same laudable desire for "the improvement of the country and welfare of the inhabitants," yet how this is to be brought about by the impoverishment and extermination of the country's industrial population, they have not condescended to inform us. Humanity demands a change in the management of Highland affairs, but not such a change as this. The sufferings of the Highlanders have attracted all but universal commiseration; the country has indeed been munificent in charity, and, as an earnest of kind feeling and generous sympathy, we have gloried in the relief afforded our countrymen in their distress. But our aid must not stop here. It is not enough to stifle the cry of justice by awaking the gratitude of a people. Alms can never be accepted as a substitute for justice, and to offer them as such would be insult. Let us not rest until the scourges of our country are taught their own just value, and the proper relation in which they stand with regard to their people. Humanity must no longer be outraged with impunity, nor men sacrificed to give place to the brute creation. If such a barbarous vestige of feudal legislation is still left to disgrace our statutes—if a law, productive of such incalculable misery and degradation, is still left in force—then is the independence of the British subject a solemn mockery, and his equal laws a miserable conceit. But there is no such law. The periodical increase of the people's rent, for possessions inherited from their ancestors, in accordance with the cleachda, or use and wont of the country, since its first possession by the Gael, until they are stripped of their

last farthing, and their ejectment or expatriation afterwards, are a gross violation of the native rights of a people, whose rights have not been hitherto forfeited or superseded by any legislative enactment to be found on record in Scotland. These proceedings are simply the result of the grasping avarice of an aristocracy, created by the usurpation or political expediency of the kings of Scotland, and who, instead of expiring with the dynasty by which they were created, when that dynasty became unsuited to the progress and civilization of their country, have actually attained, by the fall of the despotism\* which gave them birth, sufficient influence to effect their purpose of exterminating their clans, not only in the absence of any law in their favor, but in defiance of the immemorial rights of a whole people.

There is no phase of human suffering to which the Highlanders have not been subjected. In the county of Sutherland, which has long been the hotbed of famine, pestilence, and death, the people have been driven in thousands from the interior, to drag out existence among the crevices of the rocks by the sea-shore. With a tenacity of life peculiar to the race, they have wrung a subsistence for nearly forty years out of a soil carried in creels from a distance, and distributed on the face of the rocks. When preparing those patches for seed, it is usual for neighbours to assist each other—one delving above, while the other stands be-

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\* The endurance of charters and the power of the grantees depended on the will and pleasure of the sovereign. See Notes.

low, supporting the soil with his hands. The return is seldom above three times the amount sown; but this, of course, is entirely contingent, as the crop is frequently destroyed by mildew, or swept, soil and all, into the sea, by some unlucky gale or swell from the Atlantic. Fancy has never drawn a more melancholy picture of life than is here exposed. The sea, if possible, is still more inhospitable than the land. Subject to fearful tempests, when the ocean boils and surges around the miserable hovels of the inhabitants, swallowing their crops, smashing their fishing cobles, and sweeping everything but the rocks into its yawning depths, we cannot, in our more gentle regions, form any conception of the danger and sufferings to which the Sutherland refugees are exposed. Yet this is borne with silent, uncomplaining fortitude. To all but the aged and infirm, the alternative of emigration is offered; but with the tenacious attachment of the limpet to the rock, they cling to their native districts, and endure a living death rather than desert their kindred, and leave the land consecrated to their hearts by the memories of a thousand years. Such is the righteous rule—the paternal and fostering spirit in which our country is governed; and such is the ultimate result of the manly and determined resistance to foreign aggression, successfully offered by our patriotic and high-minded ancestors! Time after time the invader was repelled from our shores; but we have fallen a crushed and mangled victim into the jaws of a dragon at home, and are being gradually consumed beneath the pressure of an aristocracy forgetful of its origin. The people are

the strength of this country as of every other. Must they be sacrificed at the option of a class, already swollen into a hideous plethora, by feeding on the bone and marrow of the country? The aristocracy ought to be a blessing. In the Scottish Highlands they have proved a curse. So long as chief and people were united by kindred ties, the Highlands prospered, and were the seat of valour and intellect—of honesty and independence. Mountain and valley, warmed beneath the sunshine of prosperity, gave forth a living current of energy, enterprise, and valour, which went far to sustain and invigorate the kingdom, and enable us to extend the wings of our dominion abroad, and to erect a monument of manufacturing, commercial, and military grandeur at home, which the lapse of ages can hardly destroy. Let us beware lest, in depopulating the Highlands, we lay waste the nursery of our greatness. Let us weigh the relative value—not of the herds and flocks and game alone—but let us fling them into the balance beside the faggot proprietors themselves, and weigh them fairly against the *MEN* they have driven from the country. Every man, be he lord or common, has a similar interest in the welfare of his native land. God forbid that we should question the right of any living creature to partake, equally with ourselves, such bounties as His benevolence has provided! But every feeling of our nature repudiates the idea, that lords and sheep can advantageously replace our common countrymen. Humanity revolts against the principle which rules the conduct of our landlords. They have placed themselves in antagonism with the people, and if

either party must fall, let it be that which has insidiously usurped a power inconsistent with the native rights, and which is of least value to the country. They should remember that the time is fast approaching, if it has not already arrived, when the voice of the people shall be heard. We must either put a stop to the atrocities of proprietors, or prepare for a spectacle, already too familiar throughout many districts of Scotland—a country devastated and destroyed—a dreary unbroken wilderness—a succession of bleak and barren moors, rutted into lagoons and quagmires by the wintry floods—a vast hunting-ground, inhabited alone by the wild beast of the forest—a lonely and unproductive desert—a once happy country, converted by rapacity and oppression, into a plague-spot on the face of creation. Such, in plain terms, is the inevitable result of the present system. The national voice must decide the destiny of the Scottish Highlander—if silent now, we may bid him farewell for ever.

Before closing this imperfect sketch of Highland wrong and outrage, I would beg the reader to consider for a moment the following calm and dispassionate parallel, suggested by personal observation, between the horrors of slavery and those of expatriation:—

The negro, if deprived of the innate dignity of man, is yet regarded as something above the brute creation. Not so the Highland outcast, who is torn like a weed from his native land to make way for the brute creation.

The slave has a certain recognized value in the eyes of his owner, as a marketable commodity, and must be well

clothed and fed to maintain his physical powers; nor can his owner cast him away, or starve him to death, when no longer serviceable. But the Highlander is starved in his manhood, that he may be enabled to pay exorbitant rents, and when no longer able to do so, he is burned out and expatriated.

The negro owner pays money for his slave, and values him accordingly. The Highland proprietor, having played upon his cotter's love of country and home attachments to screw up his rent, until his substance and his manhood are both exhausted, finds it his interest to burn him out and drive him from his country.

The slave has a recognized position in the household, or on the estate of his master, and is most highly valued while young, strong, and healthy. The outcast has no place in his country until deprived of all these, when he becomes eligible for the poor-house; but unless a healthy outcast seeks a refuge from his miseries in suicide, his family will not be entitled to immediate relief from the parish.

Should the slave revolt, he is secure of universal sympathy if not aid, the laws of nature being violated in his person; but men have hitherto seen no such violation in the case of the Highland outcast, and should he revolt, he would be treated as a rebel, and hunted down like a wolf.

Slavery is a relic of barbaric ages, and a disgrace to modern civilization; expatriation an excrescence of modern civilization, and a refinement on the old wars of extermination, performing the same services in secret and by

famine, which the others compassed openly and by the sword.

It is hardly possible to believe, that, in spite of all this, the Highlanders have never been driven to commit the crimes of suicide, murder, or robbery. The criminal records of the Highlands are almost a blank. The proprietor is as secure upon his Highland estates as in the heart of London; and a more virtuous, frugal, industrious, and true-hearted race, is not to be found at this moment under the canopy of heaven.

## THE RAID OF ALBYN.

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### INTRODUCTION.

#### CARRIL.

BARD of the snowy locks and furrowed brow,  
A thousand halls have echoed to thy lays ;  
Yet as thy strains in varied beauty flow,  
Methinks thou sing'st no deed of modern days.  
Is there no Albyn now to wake thy song,  
No chiefs who still their fathers' worth retain,  
No plumed and plaided clans those hills among,  
Worthy to claim the tribute of thy strain ?

#### AGED BARD.

Upon the grey hill-side, all still and lone,  
I wait the coming of the long dark night,  
Nor mark the present,—for the past alone  
Is present ever to my failing sight.  
The quivering voice of age in vain might cry,  
We have no chiefs—no loyal clans to-day !  
What were it worth ? At best some maiden's eye  
Might drop a tear o'er chivalry's decay.

When the grey stones arise above my grave,  
This harp may swell my native land's disgrace;<sup>1</sup>  
But, while I live, its theme shall be the brave,  
The fair, the generous, of a noble race.  
The hills I loved shall still the same appear,  
And bothies still shall grace the mountain side;  
Youth's joyous voice shall still salute mine ear,  
And sounds of gladness echo far and wide.

## CARRIL.

Bard of the silver strings and mellow voice,  
Live on serene and sing the days gone by;  
In the bright past long may thy heart rejoice,  
While the stern present ne'er disturbs thine eye.  
Far other life, far other mission mine,  
The friendless minstrel of a friendless race;  
I sing the wrongs of Albyn's ancient line,  
And fearlessly unmask the oppressor's face.

Not that I love thy noble strain the less,  
But truth and justice urge my laggard song;  
Albyn, my country, is a wilderness,  
Nor knows the world the authors of her wrong.  
Tell me of former times ere I depart,  
When clan and chief in kindred were allied,

When worth and valour dwelt in every heart,  
And high-souled men were deemed our country's  
pride.

## AGED BARD.

Few are the hearts within old Albyn now,  
That thrill responsive to the lays of yore ;  
A cloud has gathered on her children's brow,  
And pleasure dances in their eyes no more.  
Such is the meed of them whose deeds proclaim  
The sordid spirit of these modern days ;  
He who lives all in self mistakes the aim  
Of Him who merits our adoring praise ;  
For Nature kindly binds us soul to soul—  
Man rests on man, and God sustains the whole.

Such were the feelings of the days of old—  
The ties of brotherhood prevailed with all ;  
Yet, though our finest passions have grown cold,  
We feel no shame, but triumph in their fall ;  
For, strange to tell, though individual worth  
Is now absorbed in the pursuit of gain,  
A noble public spirit shadows forth  
The reign of Heart, extending its domain !  
But pardon him whose simple mountain lay  
Seeks in the past a spirit lacked to-day.

## C A N T O I.

## AGED BARD.

WHEN from the stagnant chaos of repose,  
Earth, sea, and heaven, one blaze of light, uprose,  
The all-creating hand that called them forth,  
Reared for the Gael his mountains of the North.  
Successive hosts—in number like the sands—  
In after ages poured from eastern lands ;  
But Albyn guarded well the trust then given—  
Unconquered still, her mountains rise to heaven.<sup>1</sup>

Fair are thy hills, my country, when the heath  
Around thy rocks fantastic garlands wreath ;  
When foxglove, fairy bell, and graceful fern,  
Conjure to gardens gay thy landscape stern !  
Giving to rugged mountains features kind,  
As if dame Nature had recalled to mind,  
How cold and bare a birthright had been ours,  
And fain would hide it with a veil of flowers.

Within those scenes, while yet the earth was new,  
Progressive Time developed to the view,  
Amid the darkness of surrounding night,  
A lofty race emerging into light.

Though nursed in tempests, and by fate denied  
The bounteous stores more genial climes supplied,  
Nature to Albyn's early sires proved kind,  
And formed them great in person as in mind.  
Thus, though the barren rocks and sterile soil,  
But scanty harvests yielded to their toil,  
Deeming that earth is subject to man's will,  
Their patient strength wrung treasures from the  
hill.

The peaceful arts sought refuge in our land,  
When nations groaned 'neath War's accursed hand,  
And Learning, reigning in Iona's isle,  
Upon her favoured sons ne'er ceased to smile.  
Great was your mission, ye exalted few;  
Who to your sacred trust proved doubly true;  
Who stemmed the tide of ignorance and woe,  
That swept the lands, and threatened all below!

When Rome advanced, exulting in its might,  
Our sires heroic dared the unequal fight;

And though their ranks no cunning armour showed,<sup>3</sup>  
The steel-cased foemen to their valour bowed.  
Oft from behind their ramparts at the Forth,  
Their iron hosts were poured upon the North,<sup>4</sup>  
But firm as Scarba's adamantine rock,<sup>5</sup>  
The men of Albyn still repelled the shock.<sup>5</sup>

Time after time the masters of the world,  
Back to their walls were in confusion hurled.  
Our martial sires their boasted power defied—  
Tamed their bold eagles, and subdued their pride.

From age to age our farthest isles concealed  
The holy truths our Father's love revealed ;  
But, with returning peace, the tidings spread,  
Of man, self-cursèd, rescued from the dead.  
And it was yours to waft the cheering ray,  
To men long exiled from the light of day ;  
To fan the pious flame in every breast,  
And spread afar the wisdom of the west.

When gentle Peace benignantly arose,  
And blessed the men who triumphed o'er her  
foes,  
Each joyous clachan rung with noisy mirth,  
And happy circles gathered round each hearth.

Then pealed the pipe and twanged the harp to lays,  
Exalting heroes it was just to praise—  
Then Virtue shone in all her heavenly grace,  
And Vice, abhorred, concealed her hideous face.

Brave were thy sons, my country! and thy fair  
Were lovely, true, and kind, beyond compare!  
Not theirs that courtly artfulness and style  
That seeks applause, yet chills the heart the while.  
A winning modesty their actions graced,  
No tight-laced garments their fine forms defaced;  
Their carriage high—their step like mountain deer—  
Such were the loved ones of the mountaineer.

How sweet, reclining by some murmuring rill,  
To see the Morn break glorious on the hill!  
To brush the dewdrop from the heath, and mark  
The fair Dawn's combat with Night's shadows  
dark!  
To see the sunbeams o'er the eastern sky,  
Diffuse gay wreaths of gorgeous drapery,  
Till the proud monarch of celestial Day,  
Dons his bright robes, and grasps ethereal sway.

Come, let us linger on this grey hill-side,  
And dream of Albyn in her days of pride.

The upland wilds with lowing kine are gay,  
The distant rocks their fleecy flocks display ;  
The milkmaid's lilt, ascending sweet and clear,  
Like fairy music falls upon the ear,  
While yonder crystal lake reflects again  
A thousand cots, half seen through golden grain.

Methinks I hear the hunter's wild haloo,  
And gathering clansmen burst upon my view ;  
A stalwart race, with iron limbs, are they—  
Gay in their halls, but dreadful in the fray.  
Swift to the hills they eagerly move on,  
While shaggy hounds, in speed outstripped by none,  
With listless gait until the game appear,  
Follow the sportive gillies in the rear.

With artful cunning and unfailing skill,  
They form the *teanal*\* round the peaceful hill ;  
Wary and slow it closes on the deer,  
And through the pass the startled herds career.

First in the van sweeps down a stag of ten—  
A royal stag—the monarch of the glen ;

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\* *Teanal*—A cordon of active men, armed with spears and clubs, formed along the brows of the hills to drive down the game.

Now twangs the bow, the fatal arrow flies,  
And in the quarry's heart deep buried lies.  
Running the gauntlet through a hidden foe,  
The herds press onward, madd'ning as they go ;  
The hunter's cheer rings o'er the wilds afar,  
And darts and arrows wage the mimic war.

The wounded shrink away to die alone ;  
The stricken remnant still moves wildly on.  
One brave old stag breaks for the mountain  
crest,  
The fatal shaft sunk deep within his breast.  
See, at each bound, blood gushes from his side,  
And power and vigour fail as flows the tide ;  
His bloodshot eyes and streaming nostrils tell  
The feathered bolt has done its work too well !

But, hark ! the hounds have marked his headlong  
flight,  
And sweep like misty shadows o'er the height :  
With failing vision he beholds the hounds,  
And to a copsewood near for refuge bounds.  
Alas ! he seeks, but can no covert find,  
While the fierce hounds are closing fast behind.  
Another chance—he to the river flies—  
Turns his bold front, and there the foe defies.

Breast deep he stands—the hounds bay on the shore—  
They cannot charge in rear, nor dare before.  
He stands, with dark'ning eye, a moment there,  
In daring proud, then sinks in mute despair.  
On moves the stream, and bears him on its tide—  
His race is run upon the grey hill-side ;  
But the keen shaft that bowed his crested brow,  
Rankles no more—his course is finished now.

In a lone dell, deep in a correi\* hid,  
Again the hounds the answering echoes chid ;  
Their deep-mouthed music o'er the forest rung,  
While to their aid the jovial sportsmen sprung.  
Then leaped the heart of many a hunter gay,  
For well he knew a stag was brought to bay ;  
And to the death he joyously pressed on,  
Eager the last bold blow should be his own.

Like an old soldier, careful of his rear,  
In front of a grey rock, behold the deer !  
His blood-stained antlers slightly forward bend—  
His full clear eyes the eager hounds attend ;  
While they, with every art their natures know,  
Conspire to find advantage o'er the foe.

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\* An extensive hollow, or miniature glen, running up the side of a mountain.

But vain each feint, and vain each treacherous bound,  
In proud defiance he maintains his ground.

Two gallant hounds lie gored outside the dell—  
Rash youth betrayed them, and they blindly fell.  
The foremost hunter marks them as they lie,  
And fain would linger while his favorites die.  
Manly regret within his bosom glows,  
But onward still he presses to the close—  
Advancing on the stag, with all his art,  
He shuns its charge, and strikes it to the heart.

Now weary huntsmen gather on the hill,  
Where the lone sheiling shades yon timid rill,  
Whose silvery voice, in music soft and clear,  
With gentlest cadence steals upon the ear.  
See, the exhausted staghounds lap its tide,  
And stretch their limbs upon its mossy side;  
While outspread tongues and panting throats pro-  
claim,  
The swiftness and endurance of the game.

The crowded sheiling with wild mirth resounds,  
The sparkling quoich\* pursues its merry rounds;

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\* *Quoich*—A drinking-cup.

While pealing pipe and jovial hunting song,  
Mingling with joke and laugh speed time along.  
Each haversack displays its hardy cheer,  
Brown barley bannocks and dried strips of deer :  
Right sturdy fare, as every Scotchman knows,  
And as oftentimes he proved upon his foes !

How merry is the life the hunter leads !  
No treasures vain for happiness he needs ;  
To him the heather couch is sweet as down,  
And trophies of the chase are high renown.  
The courtly baubles, great in little eyes,  
Purchased by servile arts, he can despise ;  
Though all too keen if honour claims his blade,  
The poor or wronged have never lacked his aid.

The day declines—the hamlet bathed in gold,  
Lies by the lake, whose waters long have rolled  
In timid wavelets on the silver sand,  
And chid, with gentle voice, th' opposing strand.  
The powerful race that Rome's vast hordes defied,  
That swept them back from Grampians to the  
Clyde,  
Once dwelt, in simple state, by that lake side,  
And launched the curach on its crystal tide.<sup>6</sup>

A simple race, they knew no courtly arts,  
Though all that Nature loves glowed in their hearts ;  
Each social virtue and each feeling kind,  
Within their breasts was cherished and combined.  
Justice they never fenced with legal lore,  
Till wrong seemed right, and cunning falsehood wore  
The mask of Truth—as if the God of Heaven,  
Save learned clerks, no guide to good had given !

Down to the hamlet, when the night drew near,  
Returned the weary hunters of the deer,  
While shagged shelties, bringing up the rear,  
Staggered beneath their loads of mountain gear.  
Then lads and lassies, bairns and dogs beside,  
Poured from the clachan in a living tide ;  
While cheers, shouts, barkings, such a tumult made,  
You'd think some conqueror graced the cavalcade.

Then straggling home, in lesser bands, there came  
Youths laden with supplies of meaner game ;  
Roe, capercailzie, blackcock, grouse, and hare,  
Plover, wild duck, and ptarmigan were there,  
With the shy curlew, powerful on the wing,  
And swans, that, like the Indian warriors, sing'  
A last farewell to earth, and sea, and sky,  
When, pierced with deadly wounds, they sink to die.

Laden with Nature's treasures came they all,  
From hill and dale, from lonely waterfall,  
Where cleek and leister from the waters won  
A scaly spoil from dawn till set of sun.<sup>8</sup>  
The stately dames at home might well rejoice,  
And welcome their bold sons with cheerful voice ;  
The kind of heart love larders furnished well,  
And Albyn's dames in social worth excel.

See where yon modest cottage stands alone,  
Its old grey wall scarce from the rock is known ;  
Wild mountain flowers its mossy roof adorn,  
Dark ivy boughs o'er eaves and windows mourn.  
It is a lonely dwelling, sad and old,  
And one lives there whose heart has long been cold ;  
Infirm and aged is poor Flora now,  
A tale of sorrow is her furrowed brow.<sup>9</sup>

One dismal night—'tis fifty years since then—  
The man she loved was slain in Cona's glen ;<sup>10</sup>  
The blow has left its impress on her brain,  
Her maiden heart, poor thing ! ne'er glowed again.  
Lonely she lives within her little cot,  
And yet her wants have never been forgot ;  
Whate'er the fortunes of the chase may be,  
Poor Flora to the choice of all is free.

To yonder spring, that, like a warrior's eye,  
From 'neath its shaggy brow surveys the sky,  
The kindly hunters with their offerings steal,  
And in some neighbouring bush the game conceal.  
When Flora in the morning seeks around  
For fairy stores that near the spring abound,  
She smiles to think how kind the good folks be,  
Nor dreams how stalwart are her doine-si.\*

Then bright-eyed youngsters, slipping slyly, came  
To add their salmon to the hunters' game ;  
One gallant stripling often led the van,  
The universal fav'rite of the clan.  
Some kindred tie to Flora bound the lad ;  
Young as he was, his heart had long been sad.  
What is it makes the power of grief so strong ?  
I never knew joy's influence last so long.

Young Torquil was a gay and dashing youth,  
Manly his form, his heart the abode of truth ;  
His fancies, nursed in Nature's solitude,  
Ran rather wild, although their bent was good.  
In fact, he knew no evil, and his mind  
Could see no ill in aught of humankind ;

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\* *Doine-si*—Men of peace, or fairies.

His simple wants the hills and moors supplied,  
Or, when the mist prevailed, the generous lake he  
tried.

He was an orphan. On the mountain high  
His sire had sought a dwelling near the sky ;  
He then had mother, brothers, sisters too,  
And loved them with a heart too keenly true ;  
For on one dreadful night, when all was still,  
And the deep snows lay thawing on the hill,  
A mingled mass of rock and snow came down,  
And buried deep all Torquil called his own.

Somehow the boy escaped, and turning there,  
A moment stood with thy cold gaze, Despair !  
When from the heap a smothered groan arose,  
Such as proclaims death's last and fearful close.  
Up sprang the youth. " My father lives ! " he cries,  
And down the hill with frantic speed he flies !  
Soon to the startled clachan he draws near,  
And his tale falls like ice upon each ear.

Chilled to the heart with horror, every man,  
Headlong and eager, to the rescue ran,  
Their zealous speed increasing as they flew,  
For well the mountain track the hunters knew.

A lonely ash, half buried near the spot,  
Revealed the site of that devoted cot.  
"God help our kinsfolk!" each pale clansman sighed,  
For the huge rocks all human aid defied.

"My father lives!" poor Torquil cried in vain,  
That father he shall ne'er behold again;  
A second avalanche had swept the hill,  
And buried the lone household deeper still.  
But Torquil found a father in the clan;  
While yet a boy, in craft he was a man;  
No steadier hand brought down the forest game,  
No leister flew with a more deadly aim.

But while his sturdy limbs and manly arts,  
Trained by themselves, soon won the clansmen's  
hearts,  
His mind was left to wander as it would  
Among the rocks' deep, solemn solitude.  
Another cot was built upon the grave  
Where slept the young, the lovely, and the brave;  
There Torquil dwelt, and, as the clansmen said,  
Held sweet communion with the hallowed dead.

He loved the merry tinkling of the stream,  
The curlew's whistle, and the eagle's scream,

The stag's deep bell, or wild hawk's challenge shrill,  
And all the other music of the hill,  
While many forest pets, within his cot,  
Lent their poor aid to cheer his lonely lot ;  
Nor deem that Torquil's heart was heavy there,  
'Twas lightest far among the mountain air.

Sweet home ! my blessing on the hallowed word,  
'Tis there the heart's best feelings are outpoured ;  
Palace or cot, whatever be its name,  
The holy spell it breathes is still the same ;  
There man reveals himself in all his worth,  
His nature pours its richest treasures forth ;  
If aught of earth may vie with Heaven above,  
'Tis some fond home, the shrine of Peace and Love !

Such was my sire, and such his little cot,  
Ere war, with sturt and strife, new cares begot.  
Oft, when a prattling infant on his knee,  
In after days I'd list his accents free ;  
Treasure his words, and thus lay up in store  
The various legends of the days of yore.  
Thou lov'st the past—then list his favorite lay,  
And bless the heroes of a former day.

## CANTO II.

## INVERLOCHY.

WITH hollow cheek and fevered eye,  
And garb all rent and torn ;  
With matted locks and smothered sigh,  
In sorrow's caverns born ;  
With pencilled brow, whose pensive arch  
Droops gently to express  
The downward course of life's dull march,  
From youth's serene caress ;  
Behold ! the warrior comes.

No army's serried hosts display  
The martial rank he claims ;  
No flaunting banners, waving gay,  
His proud descent proclaims.  
To urge an exiled monarch's right,  
A kindred outcast's claim,  
He comes—that lonely, war-worn knight,  
Unheralded by fame,  
Or swell of fifes or drums.

Welcome! thrice welcome in thy need!  
Thou chivalrous Montrose!  
God grant thy loyal cause good speed,  
And scatter Scotland's foes.  
The blade of Albyn and her heart  
In loyal faith combine,  
Nor lack we but a leader's art,  
And all that art is thine.  
Behold! our hero comes.

When fraud and tyranny, in freedom's guise,  
Tread on our crests, and God's own voice defies;  
When liberty and piety decay,  
And rampant power usurps unhallowed sway;  
When dire oppression wrings poor Albyn's heart,  
And galling chains corroding wounds impart;  
When home and hearth, and all we love, lie  
low,  
Peace is no blessing—lead us on the foe!

And deem they that the children of the Gael  
Have learned beneath a master's rod to quail?  
Deem they, forsooth, that though our loyal faith  
For those we love may urge us to the death,  
That ev'ry petty knave who seeks our land,  
May mould the Highland heart to his command?

No! though our chiefs themselves desert our cause,  
We shall maintain our freedom and our laws.

Shame to our chiefs! whose selfish, grasping pride  
Bows to the feudal chain so long defied ;  
Lowly they bow beneath the foreign yoke—  
Like willows bow, whose strength should be the oak.

Our sires bequeathed to them—to us—to all,  
A spirit never bowed to servile thrall ;  
And free as were our sires we shall be free—  
The slave of slaves how can our kinsmen be!

To arms! Now fling the robe of Peace aside,  
We love it well when worn with honest pride ;  
But when disgrace lies crouched beneath each fold,  
The brave must scorn it, were it lined with gold.  
Oh, life is lovely when with virtue crowned—  
When truth and goodness hallow all around ;  
But when the ruthless tyrant bids us kneel,  
Then far more lovely is the bright blue steel.

All hail, Montrose! and hail, too, brave Mac Coll !  
Rugged in form, but of resplendent soul !

Strong is thine arm, and like a beam of light  
Is the blue falchion in thy hand of might.  
Thine eye in liquid blue that rolls sublime,  
Rivals the sunlit sky in southern clime ;  
Thy giant limbs, in knotted iron, show  
A torrent's strength, unmatched by friend or foe.

And Allan Du<sup>3</sup>—the deer of old Dalness,  
In peace may crop the lichen or the cress ;  
Thy strong yew bow, unbent, hangs in thy hall ;  
Thy dogs, at early morn, forget thy call ;  
Thine arrows, rustling in the quiver, lie ;  
Thy leister rears its idle prongs on high ;  
The joyous salmon gambol through the Coe,  
And all are now forsaken—but the foe.

Well, hang by him ! 'tis better far to tame  
Old Albyn's foemen than the mountain game ;  
Though well, I wot, you never felt the thrall,  
That threatened soon to crush us one and all.  
The mountain haunts, where browse the stag and  
hind,  
Ne'er bore a taint of serfdom on the wind ;  
And if the hag had sought thine eyrie high,  
She'd shrink, like Glastich sprite, beneath thine  
eye !<sup>3</sup>

And thou, too, Allistair of raven locks,  
And swarthy hue, wild as thy native rocks ;  
Tall as a pine, yet lithe as Allan's bow,  
Art come to try the metal of the foe ?  
Bring all thy strength, guard well thine ardour high,  
And temper down the fire that lights thine eye ;  
Never forget that, in thy fall, our land  
Shall lose a noble heart—a hero's brand.

And thou, Iain Lom, chief of the bardic race,  
Well thou deserv'st—thou and thy harp—a place.  
To thee the loyal cause may well afford  
Place with the bravest, e'en though sheathed thy sword ;  
Thy cutting sarcasm tells more deadly far,  
Than twenty pointed dirks in Albyn's war ;  
Armed with no weapon but thy caustic tongue,  
Thy foemen tremble when thy lays are sung.

Clan Dugail long thy piercing words must feel ;  
Clan Dhuine now beneath thy numbers reel ;  
The whigs thou hewest down without remorse,  
And thunder on their chiefs thy volleys hoarse.  
The Ciaran Mabach and Sir James the good,  
When you cried "Justice," heard and understood.  
Thy taunting tongue, I swear, is better worth,  
Than any two men's claymores in the North.

Brave Iain Modiart, thou art always where  
Heroes combine, oppression's hordes to dare ;  
Yet less from love of daring than of right,  
Thou'rt first in peace, but never last in fight.  
The feudal serf is welcome to thine aid—  
His helpless bondage claims thy generous blade ;  
Yet better far thou lov'st thine own high race,  
Who boldly beard the tyrant to his face.

Thou art as cool in council as in war,  
And grateful hearts have spread thy deeds afar ;  
Yet little are thy virtues understood  
Within thy courtly circles, Holyrood ;  
There factious rebel, outlaw, kerne, or knave,  
Are taunts for him who scorns to live a slave ;  
Yet thou repell'st with scorn th' envenomed dart,  
And find'st a balm in rectitude of heart.

And thou, young Torquil, though thy bones are  
green,  
And little of heroic strife thou'st seen,  
Can wing an arrow truly as the rest,  
And wield a blade as deftly as the best.

Ha ! welcome to Kilcuimen, bold Maclean ;  
I love to see thy banner on the plain,

And eke thy warlike crest in battle-field—  
Thy burnished helm—thy bright, unspotted  
shield !

And mark the outlawed warriors of the mist,  
Whose wrongs our deepest sympathies enlist ;  
They come prepared to meet the public foe,  
Though loth in their own cause to bend a bow.

The generous heart, alas ! is often known  
To fire at other's wrongs, yet bear its own ;  
How oft the slave weeps o'er a freeman's pain—  
Resents his insults—yet endures his chain !  
While our keen sight may magnify the moat  
In other's eyes, our own is oft forgot ;  
The boast of liberty we often hear  
From those who feel a weight of bondage near.

Who are the men who hither wend their way  
In garb of peace, yet arm'd for the fray—  
Their faces half concealed beneath the shade  
Of bonnets blue—no crest or badge displayed ?  
The light of war illumines every eye—  
Their bosoms swell as if with martial joy.  
How come they thus ? Why, 'tis a Cameron  
band,  
Stript of their ensigns by their chief's command.

Oh, fatal day ! that men should live to see  
A feudal chief o'er clansmen stanch and free.  
Oh, proud Lochiel ! and art thou bowed at last,  
Thy blazoned fame a story of the past ?  
Welcome, brave clansmen ! though your chief, Lochiel,  
Perchance finds other service for his steel,  
Your own heroic hearts we love the more,  
As worthy still the name your fathers bore.

Hark ! the shrill pibroch heralds in the day,  
And, fringed with gold, the night-clouds flit away ;  
The cold, blue cliffs, whose jutting crags invade  
And stain the sky with all too marked a shade,  
Relieved by frozen snows or misty shroud,  
Half seen, half hid, mid sunshine or through cloud ;  
Still, yet aye changing—earth, and yet of heaven—  
Now bathed in beauty, now with tempests riven.

The pipes ring out reveillie, and brave men  
Spring from the heath, obedient to the strain.  
Throughout Kilcuimen's camp at once arose,  
Armed and equipped to meet their country's foes,  
Such glorious bands of heroes as the North  
Has seldom poured, in hour of danger, forth ;  
Marshalled their ranks, and moved, at break of day,  
Shoulder to shoulder—eager for the fray.

Calmly they move, and like a tempest cloud,  
The lightning wrapt within its murky shroud,  
The fiery bolts rest passive 'mid the gloom,  
Darkly enveloped in their airy womb.  
Next morn, at dawn, when hills were tinged with gold,  
They saw the foe beneath them on the wold,  
And bearing down, restraining still their ire,  
An awful calm prevailed 'mong hearts on fire.

The storm cloud bursts ! the lurid bolts fly fast !  
Despair and ruin groan upon the blast !  
The war in thunder rolls athwart the plain,  
As wave meets wave tumultuous on the main.  
Man against man in deadly strife arrayed,  
A kinsman's blood stains many a kinsman's blade.  
Oh, cursèd be the wretch whose fiendish art  
Creates such deadly rancour in the heart !

The man who fights for liberty or life,  
God grant him strength to conquer in the strife !  
But he who comes to fetter and to bind,  
Flings all his manly virtues to the wind ;  
And oh ! what blasphemy is in the thought  
That blessings may, by deeds like this, be bought !  
Yet, in the feudal train of great Argyll,  
Were priests who harboured thoughts thus bold and vile.

Press on, Clan Donuil! hew to earth the foe—  
Freedom and fame await on every blow;  
But soon as victory smiles upon thy blade,  
Be 't thine to check the ravage war has made.  
See Ach-nam-breac, ne'er known in fight to yield,  
Rallies his men, but leads them from the field,  
To join heroic Lawers, whose chosen few  
A nucleus formed, to which the brave withdrew!

The gallant soldier and illustrious sage  
Rallied the broken clan in silent rage;  
And banned the fate that mingled them in fight  
With clumsy serfs, to dare Mac Colla's might.  
The long proved valour of his race he knew,  
And though their numbers and their blades were few,  
'Twere better far the foe apart to meet,  
Than thus 'mong untrained boors to court defeat.

And Dulaeter, the gnarled and grey old man,  
Breaks off to form a junction with his clan.  
Thus, band by band, the Campbells broke away,  
And sternly formed beneath the hero's sway.  
On Ben-a-bo,\* above the fatal field,  
Brave Lawers reins in, and strikes his ample shield;

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\* The Cattle-market stance, near Fort-William.

The challenge sounds o'er all the plains below,  
And the Mac Colla fires to meet the foe.

On foot he comes, yet towers his heather crest,  
In lofty dignity, o'er all the rest ;  
A tread more light ne'er sought the mountain roe—  
His step the panther's—lion-like his blow.  
The stately Lawers, upon a milk-white steed  
Awaits the hero, and he comes with speed !  
Not long for Colla's son shall Campbell wait—  
The first of heroes—greatest 'mong the great !

His strong right hand a meteor blade doth wield—  
His left a blunderbuss—both club and shield  
Combined, in readiness to strike or guard ;  
But in a trice its usefulness was marred.  
At one fierce swoop 'twas cut by Lawers in twain ;  
But Colla soon returned the cut again,  
Sheer through his shield and selle, cut down his  
horse,  
Which rolled to earth beneath its giant force.

But quick the chieftain in his strength arose,  
And on Mac Colla showered his knightly blows ;  
But firm and dauntless—stedback as a rock  
The hero stood, unscathed beneath the shock.

Now brave Mac Colla, by my father's hand,  
At length thou'rt matched by no unequal brand—  
A shot! Must Lawers beneath a bullet fall?  
Curse on the coward hand that aimed that ball!

Mac Colla was beside him at a bound,  
And ere the dying hero touched the ground.  
“No foe has seen thee, Lawers, upon thy back;  
Nor shalt thou now that proud distinction lack!  
Bury the hero thus, still on his feet,  
Facing the field he ransomed from defeat!”  
Oh, chivalrous Mac Colla! would that thou  
Wert here to fire us with like spirit now!<sup>16</sup>

And when the turf was laid on noble Lawers,  
“There rests,” he said, “the first in deadly wars;  
The truest heart, and eke the strongest hand,  
That ever graced Clan Dhuine's sea-girt land.  
Peace to his ashes, and be ours the aim  
To rival, by great deeds, the hero's fame;  
To nurse the like great virtues in each heart—  
Live as he lived—and like him, too, depart!”

## C A N T O III.

HARK the shrill pibroch ! Albyn's voice of war  
Rings o'er the wilds, and spreads dismay afar ;  
From peak to peak the angry beacons glare,  
And mingling war-cries rend the peaceful air !  
See the crois-tari\* speeds o'er hill and vale—  
What threatens now—what now disturbs the Gael ?  
'Tis a poor Prince that friendless seeks our shore—  
His faith and trust the Highlander's claymore.

Oh, fatal day for our poor country's weal !  
Yet how to him could she refuse her steel ;  
Though wisdom cold might well deny the aid,  
Honour had higher claims upon her blade.  
Had Albyn's warriors all obeyed the call,  
We might not now have wept their hapless fall ;  
But many a chief, alas ! and powerful clan,  
Lent their false swords to swell the Saxon van.<sup>1</sup>

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\* *Crois-tari*—The cross of speed, or fiery cross.

How could our country, thus divided, stand<sup>2</sup>  
Before the legions of the Southern land,  
While those we deemed our truest friends, allied  
Their gallant bands to England's martial tide ?  
But prudent maxims never were the rule  
For warriors trained in Nature's simple school ;  
They deemed their cause was just, and asked no more :  
Thus Charlie won the Highlander's claymore.

Now rallying boldly round the falling cause,  
Of patriarchal rights and ancient laws,  
To give our ancient kings their lawful sway ;  
To right oppressions wrongs, if so they may ;  
Come chiefs, come clans, in warlike gear arrayed,  
Each bears a lion heart and spotless blade.  
Proudly they come, while burst upon the ear  
The thrilling war-cries of the mountaineer.

Though perilled all that makes life dear to them,  
Houses and lands, and family and fame,  
Proud daring kindles every warrior's eye,  
And swells each ardent heart with martial joy.  
Such is the mountain race when duty calls ;  
Its voice upon their ears ne'er vainly falls.  
No compromise with right to them is known,  
And, loving truth, they deem its foes their own.

Not theirs the wars, where havoc's bloody hand  
Scatters despair and ruin o'er the land ;  
No blazing hamlets gild the clouds of night,  
When Albyn's heroes conquer in the fight.  
Their generous deeds are famous as their might ;  
The foeman's hearth was sacred in their sight.  
No ruthless action stains the bright career  
Of our bold clansmen or the Chevalier.

See where the Royal standard, waving high  
In lone Glenfinnan, greets each flashing eye !  
The mustering clans, in varied tartans, show  
The daring front ne'er bowed before a foe.  
Oh ! glorious vision of the past arise,  
And bless again the aged minstrel's eyes !  
Stay yet awhile, that my old sight may trace  
The well-known features of each hero's face !

Each gorge and pass that opens to the glen,  
Rings to the martial tread of arm'd men ;  
Old bucklers shine, and good old blades are bare—  
Old time-worn banners flutter in the air.  
Bright wave the tartans, and throughout the vale  
Peals forth the warpipe of the valiant Gael ;  
And though such music racks the Southern ear,  
It breathes a spell around the mountaineer.

A thousand memories of the past combine,  
To wake that spell so dear to Albyn's line.  
Not fame alone—not deeds of madd'ning war—  
Spring to our thoughts when rings the pipe afar.  
On Indian plains, on Afric's burning sands,  
On Erie's shore, or the far forest lands;  
Where'er our wandering children hear its voice,  
It calls them home, and bids their hearts rejoice.

What endless scenes of ages, long gone by,  
Of buoyant youth, of love, and hope, and joy,  
Of flowery correis, and of mountains grand,  
Those giant guardians of our native land,  
Are conjured up, when falls the magic strain  
Of the shrill pibroch on the ear again!  
However warm the Lowland heart may be,  
It beats too cold to feel such minstrelsy.

Not so the hearts that beat in Finnan's glen,  
When, from the warpipes of a hundred men,  
Fiercely as scream the eagles of the north,  
The gathering of each loyal clan burst forth.  
Their glowing bosoms drank the strains renowned,  
And thrilled responsive to the witching sound;  
For dear to Highland feelings are the lays  
That breathe renown o'er deeds of former days.

With kindling eye the Macintosh draws near,  
And fiery Keppoch, to his clansmen dear ;  
The bold M'Lean, Drummond, and Gordon high ;  
MacLachlan's giant band enchanteth the eye ;  
Mackinnon, Grant, and Ogilvie the true ;  
Nairn and Macnab now burst upon the view.  
Oh, never yet has War's proud front displayed  
Such dauntless warriors as are here arrayed !

And there Glengarry and Clan Ranald stand,  
Just where they ought, at Royalty's right hand ;  
Glencoe, Lochiel, Appin, and Fraser, too,  
How proud the crest waves o'er each lofty brow ;  
And thou, John Roy, friend of the minstrel's youth,  
Whose soul was charged with martial faith and truth !  
Thine was the lightest heart when all were gay,  
And thine the hand most daring in the fray.

M'Gregor, with a heart too pure to change,  
Or barter loyal fealty for revenge,  
Flaunts his gay banner in the Prince's eye,  
And proves how deeply his maligners lie.  
Macpherson and high Cromarty are here,  
And Farquharson, with dauntless step, draws near ;  
The sturdy Robertson is on the way,  
All plumed and plaided, eager for the fray.

But, where ! ah, where the Campbell's martial crest?  
Where Caber-fei,\* Munro, and all the rest?  
Have Forbes, Mackay, and Sutherland, no place  
Among the chivalry of Albyn's race ?  
Where Ross, Sinclair ? where Gunn and bold Macrae ?  
Where the Macnaughton and Macleod's array ?  
Colquhoun, Buchanan, and Macfarlane, too—  
Why are their blades lost to the bonnets blue ?

Lo ! the young Prince with clouded brow appears ;  
Are his cares new, or traced by earlier years ?  
How mild his air ! and yet his bearing high  
Chides the soft languor of his full blue eye.  
Ah me ! more meet in some gay court to shine  
Than to retrieve the honours of his line ;  
Yet, all-confiding, he has sought the Gael—  
The true, the generous—and his claims prevail.

Prevail ! but not with all : had it been so  
The minstrel's lay had not been one of woe,  
Nor had he sighed, while thus he looks behind,  
Had patriot chiefs their serried clans combined.  
The time has been, with such a cause in hand,  
Our Prince's voice had armed the Northern land ;

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\* *Caber-feidh*—Gaelic title of the chief of the Mackenzies.

But oh ! 'twas hard the mem'ry to efface  
Of all the wrongs inflicted by his race ! <sup>3</sup>

And so it proved. Divided in its might,  
That host, so long invincible in fight,  
Moved, like a meteor, o'er the land a while,  
Till, soul-depressed by treachery and guile,  
It sunk for ever ; for a power prevailed  
Within its councils Albyn long bewailed :  
'Twas Southern gold that bought the Gael's retreat,<sup>4</sup>  
And brave men fled unsullied by defeat.

Yes, they were brave ! they clothed themselves with  
fame,  
And blazoned with new laurels Albyn's name ;  
They were not men to tremble at the breath  
Of rumours vague ; for they could smile at death.  
One gallant blow, and who could tell what then ?—  
A Stuart king might fill the throne again,  
The ancient clans their native rights regain,  
And freedom smile where chartered lordlings reign.

And was it struck ? Ah no ! each spot of earth,  
Each strath and glen that gave our heroes birth,  
The desert wastes where plenty smiled of old,  
All echo, No ! our hearths are black and cold !

And he, the traitor lord, who sold the cause,  
Has found a refuge under England's laws;  
Oh, that the honest soil would spurn him forth;  
The hand of Justice waits him in the North.

What, what was he to lead our clans to fame—  
A hireling trooper born to blight his name!  
Cold calculation was his only guide;  
Fortune he sought, nor cared how came the tide.  
Such was the chief who sold those gallant men,  
Who marched them forward, back, and back again,  
Throughout the freezing hours of that long night,  
Wore out their souls, then led them to the fight.

Fight did I say! the shambles was the word!  
Clan Donald, scorned and taunted, sheathed the  
sword;  
The post of honour, long his right, denied,  
His lofty spirit scoffed at and defied:  
He left the field, and, at the signal strange,  
The foeman's close array was seen to change!  
Concentrating his forces on the right,\*  
Slaughter began!—we cannot call it fight.

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\* On the right of the Highlanders, the degradation of the Macdonalds on the field of battle having assured their neutrality, as was intended and evidently calculated upon.

The hideous carnage rages all around,  
Our gallant clansmen strew the shuddering ground.  
Why linger now the men of steel and targe ?  
Is there no honest voice to sound the charge ?  
Grape, canister, and shell spread havoc dire !  
Down, down they go before that flood of fire !  
To frenzy urged, then flashed the bright claymore,  
And on the foe a shattered remnant bore.

Oh, for one dash from brave clan Ranald then !  
Keppoch bears down, but leaves behind his men ;  
That single arm, resistless in its might,  
With piles of slain proclaims its course in fight ;  
Vainly the Southern bayonet seeks his breast,  
The steel alone can never bow his crest ;  
But who, alas ! the bullet can defy—  
The hero feels it strike, and sinks to die.

Stung with remorse, the clansmen marked his fall,  
A common impulse fired their bosoms all,  
And, though their Prince proved worthless of their aid,  
The chief's extremity unsheathed each blade ;  
Down, like a storm-cloud, from the heights they bore !  
Down went the foe before the keen claymore !  
His fall avenged, their dying chief they found,  
And bore him gently from the fatal ground.

In silent horror, on a neighbouring height,  
Clan Donald formed, and marked th' unequal fight.  
Each desperate charge, each effort of the brave,  
Scattered the foe, but no advantage gave ;  
Secure in numbers, the proud Southern knew  
The Gael more weak at every onset grew ;  
For when the Saxon front was swept away,  
The rear disclosed fresh legions in array.

Yes, all too late the mountain torrent came  
To change the fortune of that day of shame !  
The press of heroes for a time prevailed—  
Foes shrunk before the charge that never failed !  
And, backward borne by the resistless might  
Of heroes, trained to conquer in the fight,  
The right wing broke and scattered in dismay !—  
Such was the last bold effort of the day.

Clan Donald from their 'vantage ground looked on,  
And wept to see the mighty overthrown—  
Sold, by a heartless traitor, to the foe,  
Restrained and held exposed before the blow.  
Depressed, but unsubdued, war-worn and pale,  
Bewildered that his might at length should fail,  
The fated Gael then sullenly withdrew,  
And left the field where first defeat he knew.

Behold the Duke, with fury in his eye,  
Vaunts o'er his foes, and mocks them while they die!  
Where'er a broken column meets his gaze,  
The hireling horse his stern command obeys!  
"Down with the rebels! Quarter give to none!"  
Thus Murder finished what bold War begun.  
Stragglers and wounded suffered in detail,  
And mangled bodies gorged with blood the vale.

O'er dark Culloden, when the fair young day  
Sprung to the hills on wings so light and gay,  
He marked below, in combination grand,  
The mingling tartans of our native land.  
Clearing his eyes, still hazy from the night,  
He gazed, and glowed with rapture at the sight;  
For never had his beams such lines revealed,  
As hailed his presence on Culloden field.

But on that field, when smiling eve came down,  
Her smile dissolved and withered to a frown;  
Havoc had cursed the spot so fair before,  
And left it hideous, clotted all with gore.  
The blooming heath was covered with the dead,  
Saxon and Gael in common carnage laid.  
Fate thus, at last, to factious man reveals  
The kindred union passion's cloak conceals.

My bleeding heart and throbbing temples tell  
How the lone minstrel mourns the brave who fell ;  
For high as was their daring in the field,  
In lovelier light they were to me revealed.  
I knew the treasures of each heart and mind,  
Their social virtues, and their feelings kind ;  
For sacred Truth, and Honour pure as gold,  
Ruled ev'ry thought and every deed controlled.

Though prone to generous passion as a child,  
Thy faults were few, son of the mountain wild !  
If known to err, so also wert thou known  
Willing to make the penalty thine own.  
Though fiery impulse might betray thy mind,  
Each hasty act left its own sting behind ;  
For oft the injured bless'd thy generous hand,  
When the just ERIC flowed at thy command.<sup>6</sup>

Welcome to all thy larder could afford,  
The stranger loved thy hospitable board ;  
'Twas insult if the weary passed thy door,  
Nor stayed to share thy friendship and thy store.  
No sympathy hadst thou with those who aim  
At man's applause, yet slight a brother's claim ;  
Who, 'mid pale, toil-worn slaves, can find repose,  
And build their fortunes upon human woes.

No more, alas ! within thy halls of joy,  
Shall festive Mirth enkindle every eye !  
Each voice subdued, in tremulous tones will tell  
How wept our country when her heroes fell ;  
And in low accents mourn the dreadful war  
That swept our glens, and spread its flames afar.  
The men who never crushed a vanquished foe,  
Were, in cold blood, when fortune changed, laid low.

Wrapped in the dewy mantle of the night,  
High 'mong the cliffs that crown yon mountain height,  
Lurks a lone fugitive, oppressed and worn,  
His tartans rent, his limbs all bruised and torn.  
Borne on the night-winds, ringing in his ear,  
Come horrid sounds it chills his heart to hear.  
Oh ! who can speak the anguish of a mind,  
Cursed by the groans his deeds have cost mankind !

Rousing the dun deer from his mountain lair,  
His brain on fire, his heart consumed with care,  
The gentle Prince has sunk upon the ground,  
And hears a curse in all the echoes round.  
He dare not look upon the scene below,  
Where blazing hamlets light to blood the foe.  
Oh ! 'tis a sight to freeze the inmost soul,  
A ruffian army in a fiend's control !

Man's feeble nature, tutored to endure,  
Can rest in tempests if the heart be pure ;  
But Guilt pursues its victims to the close,  
And renders sleep a mockery of repose.  
Such were the slumbers of that broken man—  
Remorse, unpitying, through his fancies ran ;  
He saw his country ravaged and destroyed,  
Her straths and glens all tenantless and void.

Upon the daring boy had fortune smiled,  
The blood he shed had honoured—not defiled ;  
Success, sole arbitress of martial fame,  
Had blessed his cause—immortalized his name.  
But dire Misfortune, nurse of ev'ry ill,  
Has left him but the refuge of the hill ;  
It dogs his steps, proclaims his course a crime,  
And blights his fame upon the scroll of Time.

## CARRIL.

Bard of the North ! I love thy olden lay,  
Thy varied song falls sweetly on mine ear ;  
Well may you mourn the heroes passed away,  
And laud those virtues to thy heart so dear !  
Like some tall oak, all grey, and gnarled, and old,  
Thou hast been left decaying all alone ;

Nor thou, nor Albyn, shall again behold  
A generation, glorious as thine own.

Sad are the strains that breathe of war and strife,  
For Victory still reminds us of the slain ;  
But what the sacrifice of human life,  
Compared to Famine's withering domain !  
Fierce is the scourge of war ; but when the great  
Trample the poor beneath their lordly heels,  
Alas for those who writhe beneath their weight !—  
Such is the scourge our suffering country feels.

## CANTO IV.

## CARRIL.

AGAIN the pibroch quivers through the air,  
And clansmen rise far other deeds to dare :  
Wrongs deep and lasting rankle in each heart—  
They leave their native mountains—they depart.  
He who looks forth and in the future sees,  
Acorns he plants to-day, tall spreading trees,  
Fancies his offspring sporting in their shade,  
And deems his toil in the fond thought repaid.

His every work points to the future days,  
And all his weary labour Hope repays ;  
What though he dies before the fruit appears,  
His children reap the store in coming years.  
Not so in Albyn ; no man here presumes  
To count his flower until it fairly blooms ;  
The future time is nothing to the Gael  
But cruel doubts that make his cheeks grow pale.

Hence nothing meant to last poor Albyn shows ;  
No future city gradually grows  
On favoured sites ; in fact, all things decay.  
Save huts that serve the purpose of to-day,  
All is uncertain here as some vain dream ;  
We float like foam-bells on the mountain stream,  
The sport of winds and tides, and vainly try  
To find some nook in which to live and die.

'Twas thine, Glengarry, last lord of the name,  
The clan possession for thyself to claim,  
To plead the power by chartered titles given,  
To scorn the rights conferred on man by Heaven ;  
'Twas thine to slight the honour of thy race,  
To claim thy people's ancient lands, and trace  
A stain indelible—thy kinsmen's scorn—  
Upon the shield by high-souled heroes borne.

From place to place, their own fair scenes among,  
Thy despot power their sufferings prolong ;  
'Twas not enough to urge them in thy cause  
To bare their necks before the English laws ;  
Fondly they did it, though too well they knew  
The fearful penalty they dared for you ;  
All shared thy toils and dangers in the strife,  
And others sealed their loyalty with life.

When friendless, homeless, powerless, and exiled,  
Who watched thy slumbers on the mountain wild ?  
Who twined thy bower should threat'ning storm-clouds  
    frown ?  
Who spread thy heather couch when night came  
    down ?  
Who dared the wary sentinels below,  
And brought thee food through legions of the foe ?  
Who, when at length redeemed by courtly arts,  
Half wild with joy, received you in their hearts ?

And this is thy return—to goad thy clan  
To toils beneath the dignity of man !  
How can the truthful bard degrade his lay,  
And sing the insults of that cruel day !  
How can the Muse that loves on high to soar,  
Stoop the low chieftain's grossness to deplore !  
Ah no ! my harp could never sound again,  
For every chord would shiver at the strain !

No, let him sleep ! first on our rights to prey,  
And first in retribution to decay ;  
Bury his faults in Kilianan's tomb,  
But let our chiefs take warning by his doom,  
Beware the curse born in the groans of those  
Who sink beneath oppression's thousand woes ;

Withered by want, yet silent in its power,  
'Tis sure to blight though none may mark the  
hour.

The pibroch sounds ! How wild the voice of woe !  
Whose dying notes fill all the glen below ;  
Concentrating the suffering of years,  
Like some dread knell it pours upon our ears ;  
Our wounded hearts with smothered fires consume,  
The scenes around us mock our inward gloom ;  
How can we tear our heart-strings thus in twain !  
Here are our graves, and here our hearts remain.

Why should the blade rust idle in the sheath !  
Man against man, go meet him on the heath !  
The independence that the father won  
Is surely worth a struggle to the son.  
What ! let one chief eject a powerful clan !  
Chief though he be, he is no more than man ;  
No deity, no sublunary god  
Is he, to scatter lightnings at his nod.

He is but man ; yet sacred to the Gael  
His kindred proves invulnerable mail :  
Yet, were it otherwise, we'll harm him not—  
The Gael shall die ere honour be forgot ;

Sooner we'll rot within some vessel's hold,  
Than steep our hands in villany for gold ;  
Assassination cannot be forgiven,  
Nor right a wrong in the pure eyes of Heaven.

The pibroch sounds ! Alas ! we must away—  
Scorned and oppressed we can no longer stay ;  
Fain would the chief we loved recall us now—  
Fain lure us back with grief upon his brow.  
Go hide thy treacherous face ! thy power is o'er :  
Better the fate untried on foreign shore,  
Than trust again the hollow-hearted lord  
Who broke our hearts when needless of our  
sword.

Arise, ye daring sires of future states,  
Cast gloomy thoughts away—the bark awaits ;  
Arise, ye dames, taught nobly to endure,  
A brighter day is dawning for the poor.  
See where St. Lawrence pours its tide along,  
And wafts ashore the Indian fisher's song ;  
Where Nature's forests court the breath of morn,  
There shall ye rest, and happiness return.

Blessed by the freedom long at home denied,  
Again the Highland heart shall swell with pride—

The honest pride that marks the honest man,  
Born of rough toil or won in battle's van ;  
Nursed amid plenty, thy bold sons shall shine,  
Worthy the offspring of our early line ;  
True to their country still, though cast away,  
Firm under trial—lions in the fray.

And as time flies, perchance thy sons may deem  
Canadian wilds bright as some minstrel's dream ;  
May found an Albyn, or a second Rome,  
Among the scenes adopted as thy home.  
True ! But the mem'ry of a thousand years  
Winds round our hearts, and all we loved en-  
dears.

We here have friends in every stick or stone—  
There, all is blank, unmarked, unblest, unknown !

Were honest poverty our only dread,  
No foreign heath would sink beneath our tread ;  
But lordly rule and bending of the knee  
Can ne'er be taught to men by nature free.  
All is uncertain in the future here—  
Abroad, who knows what wonders may appear ?  
Yet what are all the treasures of the deep,  
Compared to thee—land where our fathers  
sleep !

Again the pibroch ! 'Tis Glenorchy now,<sup>2</sup>  
Whose lurid flames its new lord's tastes avow.  
'Tis a brave hand that thus can gild the night ;  
How the flames dance and sparkle with delight !  
The wildly bellowing herds, to madness driven,  
Bound thundering past and rend the peaceful heaven ;  
The stag is roused—the eagle screams away,  
And, crouching near the flames, poor wretches pray.

Pray, and yet weep, in spite of all their prayer ;  
Others can't weep, but smile in their despair.  
Her babes the mother to her bosom strains,  
For all her loss enhances what remains.  
The heart-sick father anxiously essays  
To wile their thoughts to hope for better days ;  
Chides their regrets, yet wonders all the while  
Where his loved bairns shall learn again to smile.

Thank God, who tempers to the weak the storm,  
Our native fire still keeps our bosoms warm.  
The good are stoics, guiltless of their art ;  
Where Virtue rules, she fortifies the heart !  
Among the roofless people gathered there,  
Were some who for their chief bowed down in prayer.  
Tell me if Grecian hero could do more ;  
Yet those are cast, like caitiffs, from our shore.

Prayers shall avail him little! For the wrath  
Of retributive justice dogs his path.  
His race shall end ere it has well began;  
The hearth is childless of that hapless man.  
So was it with Glenlyon long ago—  
He, living, felt the curse of dark Glencoe;  
Sunk to the grave, nor left a branch behind  
To bear his name, or call his deeds to mind.

'Tis forty years since Sutherland's high heir,  
Found fifteen thousand people happy there.  
Each valley had its hamlet, and the land,  
Smiling, gave forth its stores to Labour's hand.  
Tartan and plaiding, woven by the dames,  
Kept warm our breasts and proudly showed our names.  
The lint-wheel sung, the pine-knot lit the wall,  
And homely joys came dancing at our call.

There was no pretty nook or corner round,  
But showed its cottage and its well-tilled ground,  
Where—rich in produce of a favored soil,  
And crowned with fruits—'twas happiness to toil.  
Joyous to me, and lovely is the sight  
Of golden grain, waving like fields of light.  
It is an index sweet of happy hours,  
For Plenty's smile expands enjoyment's powers.

Three noble regiments started at the call  
Of Sutherland's proud dame; but when the fall  
Of Bonaparte's star at Waterloo,  
Recalled the heroes to their mountains blue,  
The high-born lady, as a meet reward  
For those who bled their native hills to guard,  
Showed them their cots devoted to the brand,  
And left them homeless in their own dear land.

Vain customs, like a mania, had seized  
The Mor 'er Chata, and his dame was pleased  
To shine in diamonds, and excel the great  
In all the vapid emptiness of state.  
Then fastened on her heart the greed of gold;  
Rack-rents ensued, and, like a prey enrolled  
Within the slimy folds of some huge snake,  
Thousands are crushed for some mere fashion's sake!

Between tall cliffs and the surf-beaten shore,  
Hemmed in like deer the teanal's spears before,  
Down to the barren beach, remorseless, driven,  
A people's groans approach an outraged Heaven.  
And, when the night came on, they saw afar  
A sight would shame the blackest deeds of war;  
The fiercest hordes e'er poured on helpless lands,  
Never yet wielded such devouring brands.

Oh ! spare some slight memento of old times !  
Some tree, some stone, that when from distant climes  
Our sons return to visit scenes so dear,  
Some little, kindly token may appear ;  
Some gentle voice, to whisper of the dead,  
And mark the scene where our young moments fled.  
See ! Pity craves what Justice should demand—  
Leave us some poor memorial in our land !

Alas ! Mark yonder eagle circling free,  
He screams the wide-spread wilderness to see ;  
All, all is desolate, wild, hopeless, void—  
The very tombs are shattered and destroyed.  
Sheep fatten on the mounds where rest the brave—  
Cana and thistle on our hearth-stones wave.  
Who that once knew our land, and sees it now,  
But feels his life-drops curdle as they flow !

No human voice awakes the echoes here—<sup>3</sup>  
No sound of joy salutes the wanderer's ear—  
None can recall the glories of our race ;  
Those miscreant deeds obliterate their trace.  
Some yelping cur, perchance, or shepherd's cry,  
May break the silence, or disturb the eye ;  
But nothing lovely—nothing loved appears,  
To wake the memory of other years.

Oh, ye who linger o'er some heightened tale  
Of negro bondage, till your cheeks grow pale ;  
Whose fancy gives the slave, what birth denies,  
A heart that spurns the bonds in which he lies ;  
Go, seek the desert, and confess if there  
You find a freeman worthy of your care !  
No ! for at home, as o'er the distant wave,  
He hugs his chains, and lives and dies a slave.

Weep on for him, and yet forget the brave,  
As sunbeam pure, but powerful as the wave ;  
Forget the lofty heart, the spirit high,  
The manly form, the bright and daring eye ;  
Forget our maidens, worthy of the land  
Whose glens are lovely as its peaks are grand ;  
Forget the high-toned feelings of our race,  
And let us still consume with our disgrace !

This does the lord who rules that wild domain :—  
The negro owner earns his fierce disdain,  
From Stafford House comes out the grand appeal  
To those who may for human suffering feel ;  
Yet from that same abode decrees go forth,  
To burn the peaceful sheilings of the North ;  
For slaves he feigns the feelings of a man,  
Weeps for their wrongs, and yet destroys his clan.

Again the wailing pibroch echoes loud !  
Too rapid on my brain those memories crowd ;  
The lesser lairds, moved by the titled great,  
As usual strive their deeds to emulate.  
Clan after clan, all scattered o'er the earth,  
Strive to forget the land that gave them birth ;  
Found distant colonies, or lead in war  
The petty arms of little states afar.

## C A N T O V.

WEEP for the Gael ! his path no more  
Is on the hill ;  
The scenes his fathers loved of yore  
Are lone and still.  
No more the bosom of each lake,  
Upon its tide,  
Reflects the images that wake  
A clansman's pride.

Oh ! wherefore wakes no voice of song,  
More famed than mine,  
To echo forth each heartfelt wrong  
Of Albyn's line !  
To drag before an outraged world  
The miscreant band,  
That here, in guise of friendship, hurled  
Destruction's brand !

Weep ! for our suffering children feel  
The gnawing pang,  
More merciless than tyrant's steel  
Or serpent's fang.  
'Tis ours to suffer and endure,  
And waste away,  
Till Justice, armed with laws more pure,  
Resumes her sway.

Behold, the buoyant bark in pomp and pride,  
Beneath a cloud of canvas cleaves the tide ;  
And, like a queen borne on triumphal car,  
Moves on her subject waves to realms afar.  
Three stately pines, once monarchs of the wood,  
Rear high a pyramid above the flood,  
Instinct with life and motion ; yet the whole  
Yields ready homage to one chief's control.

Five hundred hearts beat anxiously below—  
The simple exiles know not where they go.  
Cast from their native shore in cruel scorn—  
Thrown on the wide world helpless and forlorn—  
Far from their weeping kindred torn away,  
To fond regrets and ruined hopes a prey ;  
A lonely and expatriated race,  
With spirits bruised by undeserved disgrace.

Lost in the noisy tumult of mankind—  
Unknown, unpitied, paralyzed in mind,  
To brave impending dangers o'er the main,  
All magnified by a bewildered brain ;  
To grapple with new arts, and learn new toils,  
Or gather fruits unknown from unknown soils ;  
The exiled Gael, in apathetic dread,  
And crushed with sorrow, bows his lofty head.

### Song.

Dejected we wander, for landless are we,  
Our own native mountains no longer we see ;  
By false chiefs deserted, maligned, and opprest,  
Cold, weary, and friendless, oh ! where shall we rest ?  
The deer-haunted correi, the glen, lake, and wild wood,  
The heather-thatched sheiling that sheltered our child-  
hood,  
The fierce mountain torrent, the rock-bound sea-shore,  
Shall those scenes of our hearts meet our fond gaze  
no more ?

'Twas sad to be starving and plenty around,  
Deer breasting the mountains, grain loading the  
ground,

And sheep on the pastures, in lonely spots too ;  
Yet hard though our trials our honour proved true ;  
We cursed not the tyrants whose rack-rents and spoil  
Left nought to our bairns from the fruit of our toil,  
But we clung to thee, Albyn, each heart to its core  
Beating warm with our love, until cast from thy  
shore.

Shall the land of the stranger receive the poor Gael,  
When, crushed by oppression, his energies fail ?  
When the torch of the caitiff, by kindred supplied,  
Has swept every valley, each hamlet destroyed ?  
Degraded in all but the tales of the past,  
Shall they make thee a desert, loved Albyn, at last ?  
Or, rising in wrath, with the spirit of yore,  
Shalt thou crush the oppressor and triumph once  
more ?

How gallantly the good ship cleaves her way !  
Dashing aside, with haughty scorn, the spray !  
Still sweeping onward with the wanton breeze,  
The dauntless sovereign of the trackless seas !  
But hush ! the sails flap idly in the air,  
The calm portentous warns us to prepare ;  
The gathering tempest roars along the deep,  
And winds and waves their wild carousals keep.

The boiling surge, dancing with surly glee,  
Roars to the gale, and courses o'er the sea;  
Red bolts fly fast, and thunder's voice profound—  
Scarce heard amid the tempest—growls around !  
See ! the proud bark is but a feather there—  
Now plunging deep, now poised in empty air.  
Oh Heaven ! in mercy calm the troubled wave,  
And shield from such a death the exiled brave !

The storm is past : the waves, again at rest,  
Reflect the heavens upon their heaving breast ;  
The opening clouds their envious shrouds unfold,  
And all the sea is bathed in liquid gold.  
But where is the brave bark whose stately form  
So proudly rose amid the gathering storm ?  
Without a spar on which to bend a sail  
She rolls, a hulk all shattered by the gale !

Days came and passed. By dint of uncouth art,  
Developed by necessity in part,  
A jury-mast soon rose above the deck,  
And sails were bent in hopes to save the wreck.  
Creeping, at some two knots an hour, along,  
Sometimes attaining three when winds proved strong,  
Hope smiled upon the lone ones yet again,  
And led to efforts that assuaged their pain.

But sufferings deeper still were yet in store,  
Gaunt Famine stalked before their eyes once more ;  
The putrid water had run short, and yet  
No trace of land their glaring eyeballs met.  
The sultry air was loaded with repose,  
And misty vapours gradually rose,  
Through which the sun, suspended overhead,  
A world of fire, loomed languid, large, and red.

A hot effluvium rises from the hold ;  
But wherefore linger o'er a tale oft told ?—  
Scurvy and fevers on the exiles prey,  
And Death, in mercy, carries them away.  
Far down within the bosom of the deep,  
The brave, the virtuous, and the lovely sleep.  
Thus, by the stern but kind decrees of Fate,  
Peace comes to all men, be they poor or great.

But, oh ! when man can soothe a brother's woe—  
And little serves great purposes below—  
Stretch forth the hand, and let thine aid be given  
With generous warmth, as you would merit Heaven !  
O'erflowing coffers may reward the lord  
Who scatters thus his clansmen at a word ;  
And yet, despite the gain his clearings fetch,  
He is no less a heartless, sordid wretch.

He who has felt the joy of doing good,  
Whose little aid, perchance, may have subdued  
The pangs of want that through some brother ran,  
Has known the purest happiness of man.  
But what remains to him who crushes still  
The few warm hearts left pining on the hill?  
A childless hearth, remorse, undying shame,  
And future times shall loathe his miscreant name.

Afar, upon the prairie's virgin soil,  
Lovely by nature, and enriched by toil,  
By forests curtained from the ken of man,  
Behold the refuge of a broken clan.  
But, mark! what lurid glare illumes the sky!  
Dense clouds of smoke upon the hot winds fly;  
Ruin again, in all-consuming ire,  
Invades the Gael!—the forests are on fire!

Famine at home, fierce tempests on the wave,  
Devouring plagues, a yawning ocean grave,  
The summer's heat, the winter's withering cold—  
All these we feel, yet are our woes untold!  
Protracted wars that feed upon mankind,  
Leave sickening traces of their course behind;  
But history leaves no record of the arts,  
By which our tyrant chiefs have wrung our hearts.

Once, when the heathbell glowed upon the moor,  
And harvest brought its gifts to rich and poor,  
A grateful people gathered in Glen Bran,<sup>1</sup>  
Impressed with God's beneficence to man.  
Praises were sung, and then they rose to prayer—  
Devotion, ever lovely, governed there—  
No forms scholastic cooled the pastor's heart,  
For Nature's warmth may well dispense with Art.

'Twas his to fortify the wavering soul,  
And open hearts to Virtue's pure control ;  
And, as he urged his mission from on high,  
Methought a prophet's spirit fired his eye.  
But hush ! Why quivers the poor pastor's voice ?  
Why may he not in his own balm rejoice ?  
Why should the tears thus trickle down his cheek ?  
Alas ! the strong in mind, in heart are weak.

He tells how from the little glen went forth  
A hopeful colony of matchless worth ;  
How they left Albyn, with their little gains,  
To seek a home on wild Canadian plains ;  
How deadly plagues o'ertook them on the tide,  
And one by one they sickened and they died ;  
And how, at length, when they had reached Quebec,  
They were forbid to leave the fatal wreck ;

How on a neighbouring isle they land at length,  
But of the hundreds who went forth in strength,  
Two gaunt and bony spectres, scarce alive,  
In solitary wretchedness survive !

Think of these horrors, ye remorseless men  
Who drove away the tenants of the glen,  
Nor deem that, in the watchful eyes of Heaven,  
Such deeds may be committed and forgiven.

He stopped. The little congregation there  
With groans, subdued but piteous, filled the air ;  
And old men, groaning, tore their locks of grey,  
And women sobbed, and wept, and tried to pray ;  
And little infants to their mothers clung,  
Strong men their hands in nervous sorrow wrung.  
What callous heart could look upon such grief,  
Yet load with honours their remorseless chief !

O Memory ! would that thou wert dead to me !  
Then might I roam the world with spirit free ;  
Why should the patriot flame, in mockery, burn  
Within the bosom from its country torn !  
Yet no ! I would not bury thus the past—  
Albyn, my home ! I'll love thee to the last !  
And when above me swells the grassy mound,  
In spirit still thy son may hover round.

Land of my birth ! Land to my heart too dear !  
Who shall recall the olden spirit here ?  
When shall some benefactor of our race  
Remove our thrall and limit our disgrace ?  
When shall the lordly tyrants of the state  
Learn to be virtuous, if they would be great ?  
Must we in vain evoke the country's aid  
That in extremity commands our blade ?

Shame to our chiefs—a black and burning shame !  
They leave us nothing. Highland but the name ;  
Too long have we been crushed by their demands,  
And yet no stains of guilt disgrace our hands.  
They taunt us with our poverty and pride—  
Heav'n knows in both we have been sorely tried !—  
Scoff at our indolence and old world ways,  
And deem that we were meant for former days.

Perhaps 'tis true ; and yet it seems to me  
The old world spirit would but ill agree  
With all the wrongs inflicted by these men—  
They might have found oppression dangerous then !  
But cease, my Muse—their petty slanders seem  
Too small a malice for the bardic theme ;  
The men of Quatre Bras may well afford  
Such base aspersions, even to a lord !

The British ranks no truer steel can show,  
Than Albyn's warriors wield against the foe ;  
The rampant lion still maintains its might,  
And fires our heroes on the field of fight.  
The flats of Holland, Egypt, India, Spain,  
Proclaim our deeds on each embattled plain ;  
And Britain's triumphs of a hundred years,  
To Albyn's race a noble trophy rears.

Oh, Heaven ! how slow thy creatures are to feel  
The lovely lessons all thy works reveal !  
Nor are thy works the sole, the only guide,  
To pilot man o'er Time's unceasing tide ;  
For, were the wrecks of ages gone surveyed,  
And all their lessons pondered and portrayed,  
The past unto the present then would preach  
Such truths, as to our inmost soul would reach.

Let erring man a little moment pause,  
And weigh the cost ere scorning Nature's laws ;  
For though the hand of Justice be delayed,  
Its stern demands must yet be fully paid.  
Who but protests against the outrage deep,  
That exiles men to be replaced by sheep ?  
Conserve our rights—place limits to our thrall—  
Man cannot prosper where the few grasp all.

## CANTO VI.

WEEP for the Gael! Hope smiles no more  
On strath or glen;  
Gaunt Famine withers the heart's core  
Of generous men;  
His hills, in wintry shrouds encased,  
Pierce dull, dead skies;  
Deserted, desolate, and waste  
Each valley lies.

The blackened hearths around us tell  
Of joy and mirth,  
Ere human passions made a hell  
Of God's fair earth—  
Ere chiefs, effeminate and vain,  
Sought Fashion's shrine,  
And rack-rents wove oppression's chain  
Round Albyn's line.

Is this the land so famed of old  
In minstrel lays,  
That back Rome's iron legions rolled  
In former days !  
And does no spark of fire remain  
Of kindred birth,  
To rouse the Gael to strike again  
For home and hearth !

Had daring foes in hostile lines appeared  
To burn the homes our fathers' hands had reared,  
Though poor and wasted, scant of herds and flocks,—  
Vaunt we too much?—we'd hurled them from our rocks !  
But ah ! our chiefs the blazing torch supplied  
To fire our shielings on each mountain side,  
And lands our fathers drained their hearts to keep,  
Are now usurped to feed new lordlings' sheep.

When Lowland vales in burning shackles groaned,  
High on our mountains Freedom sat enthroned ;  
Her brave sons gathered there from scenes afar,  
Rallied their strength, and poured again to war.  
Should foes invade our native shores again,  
The fiery cross might sweep our glens in vain,  
For grasping Avarice and ruthless Power  
Crush the bold hearts we'd trust at such an hour.

In Albyn's ranks no coward corselet shone,  
Hers were the targe and the bright blade alone ;  
No frowning ramparts girt her mountains blue,  
Our fathers' swords were all the guard she knew !  
Stern in their virtues, yet in heart how kind !  
In them the warrior and the child combined ;  
Faultless they were not, yet those faults were few,  
For judgment errs e'en though the heart be true.

And is it mine to weave the mournful lay,  
And sing alone my native land's decay ;  
Have other eyes looked on, nor marked the fall  
Of Albyn's liberties, once dear to all ;  
Or deem they that the owners of the soil  
May wrong at pleasure those who drudge and toil—  
May traffic in their strength—may waste their blood,  
And, in their age, transport them o'er the flood !

When the first James, in ages long gone by,  
Sought our chiefs' charters, what was the reply ?  
From every scabbard leaped the trenchant blade—  
Such were the charters every hand displayed.  
Titles of sheepskin stained with clerkly skill,  
Could never mould the people to their will ;  
More worthy ties united chief and clan,  
For through their veins a kindred life-blood ran.

But time rolled on—an alien power arose,  
And Albyn's glens were thronged with secret foes ;  
The hireling agents of a grasping crown  
Fomented strife, and struck our freedom down.<sup>1</sup>  
Clan against clan in bloody feuds arrayed,  
Dimmed the bright lustre of our country's blade ;  
Conflicting claims were urged at point of steel—  
The cause—stained parchment with a monarch's seal !

Grants of the people's lands were everywhere—  
The people's rights were but as empty air,  
The "Lord's anointed" was the lord of all ;  
By his sole will all men must stand or fall.  
But prudent chiefs ne'er broached this novel claim,  
They took the charters but concealed their aim ;  
And till Culloden broke the clansmen's might,  
No chief presumed to claim his people's right.

But now, alas ! our homes are not our own,  
Our ancient tenures the cold laws disown ;  
And land, wood, water, and each breathing thing  
Created for man's use by Heaven's high King,  
Are neither God's nor man's, but feed each whim  
Of pampered chief, or dame, or maiden prim ;  
While the poor Gael, once lord of land and flood,  
Wanders with famine preying on his blood.

Thus, Albyn of my heart ! thy strength decays,  
Sapped by the men whose fathers claimed thy lays !  
Whose sires led on their clans to high renown,  
And to their sons sent floods of glory down ;  
Whose lofty virtues, and whose deeds sublime,  
Have left their traces on the book of Time ;  
Now, lost to all the feelings of their race,  
They crush their clans to feed their own disgrace.

Our country once was great indeed, but now  
The laurels fade and rot from off her brow ;  
Her chiefs are Molochs grown, to glut whose greed,  
A silent sacrifice, the people bleed ;  
While rack-rents and oppression waste the lands,  
By open fraud committed to their hands ;  
And they, in blood-bought garments, strut and shine,  
The basest worshippers at Folly's shrine.

'Mid desert wastes and ruined hamlets now,  
Stalks the lone Gael, despair upon his brow ;  
Robbed of his native rights and blazoned fame,  
The dauntless spirit that no power could tame ;  
The eagle eye—the heart that keenly feels—  
The spirit high that conscious power reveals,  
Are sunk in silent apathy and dread,  
For future horrors hover o'er his head.

In Barra's isle, but yesterday, arose  
A voice that feebly mourned the people's woes.  
Forced from their little cots without remorse,  
Torn from their hearthstones by a ruffian force,  
Dragged from their hiding 'mong the cliffs and caves,  
Exiled, perhaps for ever, o'er the waves ;  
A sturdy few left weeping on the shore,  
Mourning the friends who may return no more.

And this in Freedom's home ! How vain the boast,  
Less black the scenes that curse poor Afric's coast ;  
There traders add no freemen to their store—  
The chains they rivet had been forged before.  
Not so in Albyn ! Poverty alone  
Is the dark crime for which they thus atone.  
And why so poor ? The Gael is crushed to earth,  
And plundered by oppressors from his birth.

Oh, Albyn ! treasure of the minstrel's heart,  
My bosom bleeds to see thy sons depart—  
Depart, to feed the strength of other lands,  
Whilst thou, my country ! all their care demands.  
Nor go they forth with confidence and pride—  
The iron laws that their poor homes denied,  
Tore every tender tie with hideous arts,  
And bore them off, but left behind their hearts.

Oh! live there men so vile beneath the sun,  
Who, when rack-rents their withering work have done,  
When starving parents with half-famished brood,  
Still cling with fondness to their hovels rude,  
As if the mem'ry of some sweet home tie,  
Could cast a spell e'en round gaunt poverty !  
Oh! live there men so vile as set the brand  
To that loved home—and in a Christian land !

Oh, no! 'tis not man's work, it is the law  
Feeds on our sufferings with insatiate maw ;  
Its myrmidons the world forbids to feel,  
And gives them gold to change their hearts to steel.  
'Tis not the lordly chiefs, I ween ; for they  
At some gay court strut their poor lives away ;  
A gilded froth, on Fashion's current tossed—  
To shame, to virtue, and to manhood lost.

Oh, Britain ! island of the great and free,  
Within thy bounds can such gross outrage be—  
Canst thou, when factor greed has done its worst,  
Step in with laws, by bayonets enforced,  
To sanction cruelties no tongue can tell,  
To fire thy hamlets and thy sons expel,  
To spread destruction through each strath and glen,  
Worse than war leaves when waged by barb'rous men !

The British flag, in regions far away,  
Protects and shelters all beneath its sway ;  
The heathen, blest by Britain's rule sublime,  
Bursts from his fetters throughout every clime.  
Though wretched tyrants still may curse the hour  
That spreads her conquests or extends her power,  
The friend of man, whate'er his creed may be,  
Must bless the land whose utmost bounds are free.

But why extend parental care abroad,  
And rule at home with the oppressor's rod ?  
Is the Malayan savage valued more  
Than the wronged clansman of our native shore ?  
Is right more dear to men of savage birth  
Than to the race we honour for its worth ?  
Or does propinquity obscure the sight,  
And lessen wrong by magnifying right ?

On Orinoco's banks, at close of day,  
An exile sat, and woke an artless lay ;  
His voice, though manly, trembled as he sung—  
His hearers wept—it was their native tongue.  
Oh, sacred feeling ! once so fondly prized !  
The patriot flame, though trampled and despised,  
Fires every Highland heart, and hallows yet  
The land our insults urge us to forget.

Friends of my country ! brothers of mankind !  
Can nought be done our wounded hearts to bind ?  
Must Albyn sink into a desert waste,  
By spendthrift tyrants ruined and disgraced ?  
Our lofty race, fast falling to decay,  
Must cast the dignity of man away,  
Must either bow to minions of the great,  
Or leave our suffering country to its fate.

Why should our rulers cast like weeds away  
The men we'd trust to on an evil day ?  
Should rampant War ring forth the tocsin loud,  
Or social tumult fire the grumbling crowd,  
Where shall we find a band so sternly true  
As the brave lads who don the bonnet blue—  
Trained from of old to wield the trusty brand,  
Born the defenders of our native land !

The puny denizen of crowded lanes,  
Condemned to wear some factory despot's chains,  
Whose spirit spurns and yet endures control,  
Ne'er felt the patriot glowing in his soul ;  
Why should he care who rules the workshop grim ?  
Briton or Turk, it matters not to him ;  
Yet, though our danger grows with every hour,  
We madly waste our armies and our power.

I sing no lay from fevered fancy wrung,  
Mine are no garbled facts at random strung ;  
Urged by its fears alone, my heart essays  
To save a remnant ere all hope decays.  
Who that has left the beaten track to roam  
Among the wastes, once Freedom's sacred home,  
But weeps to meet, in scenes now bleak and cold,  
The mouldering clachans of the days of old.

Man, though created by immortal power,  
Is the mere creature of a little hour ;  
Yet lords, the offspring of a monarch's breath,  
Are but renewed beneath the hand of death ;  
For rank and power, by worth or valour won,  
Go down from honoured sire to nameless son.  
Do souls descend ? such law were justice then ;  
But why should power devolve to worthless men ?

Should Britain's lovely monarch deem it good  
To foster China fowl or some such brood,  
And clear her wide dominions with this view,  
Tell me, what would the British people do ?  
Would they revolt ? Oh no ! her meanest lord  
Depopulates vast districts at a word ;  
If he may set his country in a flame,  
Surely his sovereign may do the same.

How long shall Heaven in vain to man proclaim,  
That brotherhood exists in more than name !  
How long shall man with vain contentions mar  
That bliss on earth the wise foresee afar !  
When rich and poor their interests combine,  
And truly aim to further God's design ;  
They only act, as if to them were known  
The truth, that " **ALL MEN'S INTERESTS ARE OUR OWN.**"

Surely no man can deem the wisdom deep,  
That would replace brave worthy men with sheep !  
The daring bard is bold enough to moot  
A hope that man may rank above the brute.  
Immortal Malthus ! much to you we owe ;  
'Twas thine to measure Nature's powers below.<sup>3</sup>  
Produce and consumpt, warring in your brain,  
Feared man's increase, in case we lacked the grain !

Give us our rights ! we do not ask for more ;  
Let us but live as we have lived before ;  
This much at least our country should demand,  
That no proud chief dare desolate his land.  
An angry monarch threatened once to clear  
The Northern lands, and people them with deer ;  
" Good," said Argyll, " then homeward I'll repair,  
And get my bloodhounds trained to meet you there."

Bards of the hills ! whose lonely cairns arise  
Among the scenes once lovely in your eyes,<sup>4</sup>  
If Fate permit your spirits still to roam  
Among the scenes so cherished while your home,  
Surely your souls will shudder at the sight  
Of Albyn thus divested of her might ;  
Sunk and degraded, slandered and oppressed—  
A mute reproach to every manly breast !

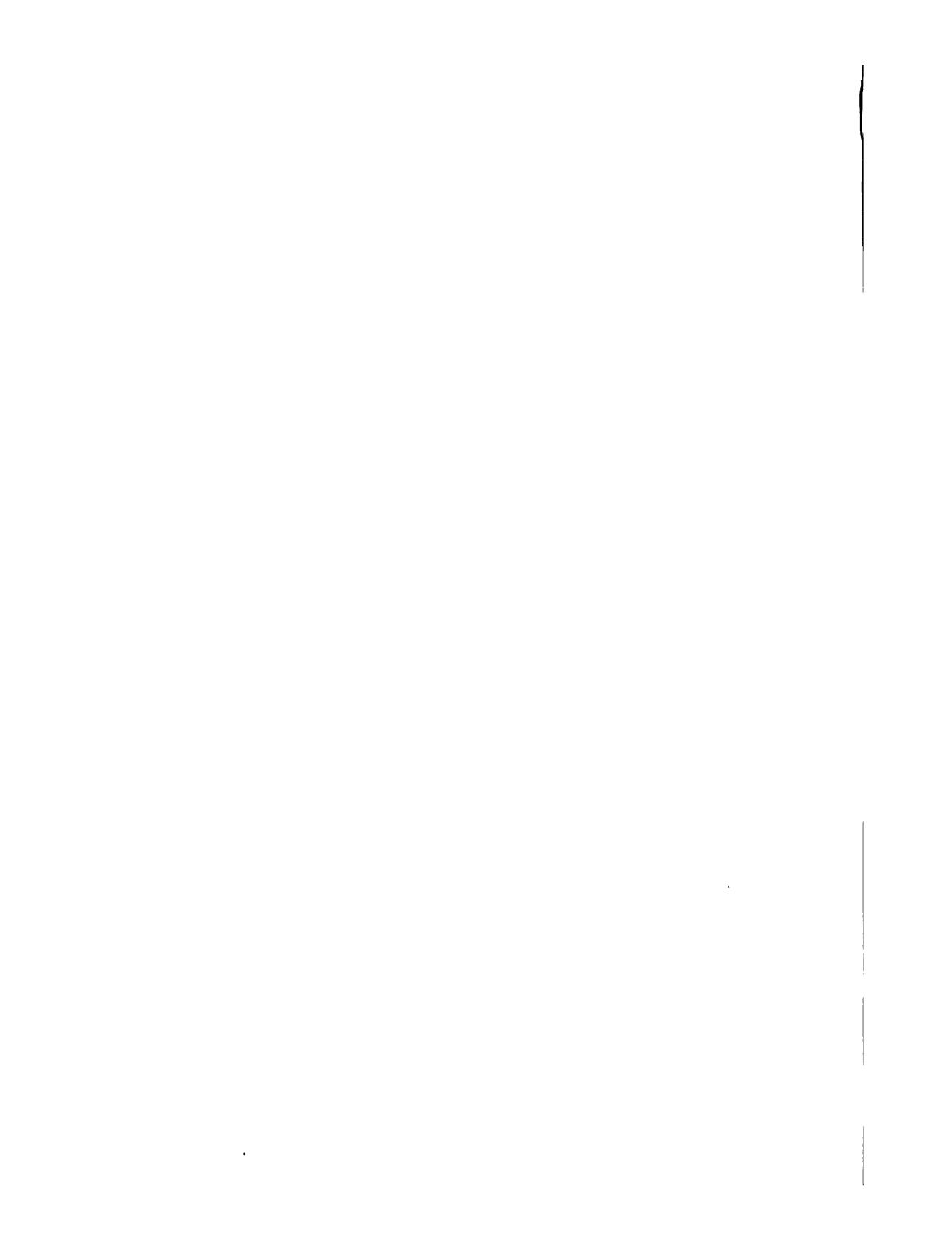
Is there no voice in Britain's courts to-day,  
To plead for those who live the spoiler's prey !  
Is there no heart so generous and high,  
As to denounce those deeds of blackest dye ;  
To rend the mask from falsehood's face, and tell  
The tale our wasted forms express too well !  
Oh ! if there be, for honour's sake sound forth,  
And plead the cause of Justice and the North !

NOTES

TO

THE RAID OF ALBYN,

BY CREAGUAIN.



## NOTE S.

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### INTRODUCTION.

"This harp may swell my native land's disgrace."

*Note 1, page 2, line 2.*

The Hyperboreans, who, according to Logan, appear to be the aborigines of Britain, were celebrated performers on the harp. They accompanied their hymns with its music, and carried their offerings to Delos with both flute and harp.

From some ancient sculptures (one of which is mentioned by Mr. Bowles, in his "Hermes Britannicus," as existing on a monument in Egypt) the Gaelic harp appears to have been of the same form of old as it still is. The Lamont harp, and also the harp given by Queen Mary to one of the ancestresses of the Farquharsons of Invercauld, as well as the harps of Lude, are still in the possession of the Highland Society. Queen Mary's harp, though not so magnificent, is a more neat and compact instrument than any of the others. It is only thirty-one inches in height, and the breadth of the lowest part of the sounding-board, which rises towards the middle, is only eleven inches and a half. It has twenty-eight string-holes, and the like number of pins or keys, to which the strings are fixed. The holes are quite plain, unlike those of the others, which have escutcheons of exquisite workmanship. In front of the upper arm were the Queen's portrait and the arms of Scotland, both in gold, and on each side was placed a jewel, surrounded by minute inlaid work.

The Caledonian harp had thirty strings, and this peculiarity, that the front arm was not perpendicular to the sounding-board, but turned considerably to the left, to afford a greater opening to the voice of the performer.

A harp-key that had been time immemorial in the family of Lord Macdonald, and bore marks of antiquity—which was ornamented with gold and silver, and had a precious stone, making its value eighty or a hundred guineas—was presented by his lordship to the celebrated O'Kane.

It is a remarkable fact, that the last Scottish army accompanied to the field by a harper, was the round-headed soldiers led by Argyll against Huntly and Errol in 1594. (See Logan's "Scottish Gael.")

*Gyraldus Cambrensis* speaks highly of the music of Ireland and Scotland:—

"It is in the cultivation of instrumental music I consider the proficiency of this people (the Irish) to be worthy of commendation; and in this their skill is, beyond all comparison, beyond that of any nation I have ever seen; for theirs is not the slow and heavy style of melody, like that of the instrumental music of Britain, to which we are accustomed, but rapid and abrupt, yet, at the same time, sweet and pleasing in its effect. It is wonderful how, in such precipitate rapidity of the fingers, the musical proportions are preserved, and, by their art, faultless throughout, in the midst of the most complicated modulation and most intricate arrangement of notes, by a velocity so pleasing, a regularity so diversified, a concord so discordant, the harmony is expressed and the melody perfected; and whether a passage or transition is performed, in a sequence of fourths or fifths (by a diatesseron or a diapente), it is always begun in a soft and delicate manner, and ended in the same, so that all may be perfected in the sweetness of delicious sounds. They enter on and again leave their modulations with so much subtlety, and the vibrations of the smaller strings of the treble sport with so much articulation and brilliancy

along with the deep notes of the bass ; they delight with so much delicacy, and sooth so charmingly ; that the greatest excellency of their art appears in the perfect concealment of the art by which it is accompanied.

" It is to be observed, however, that both Scotland and Wales—the former from intercourse and affinity of blood, the latter from instruction derived from the Irish—exert themselves with the greatest emulation to rival Ireland in musical excellence. In the opinion of many, however, Scotland has not only attained to the excellency of Ireland, but has, in musical science and execution, far surpassed her, insomuch that it is to that country they now resort who wish to attain proficiency in music, as the *genuine source* of the art."

The above was written at the end of the eleventh century, and affords quite a study to professors of music of the present day.

## CANTO I.

"Unconquered still her mountains rise to heaven."

*Note 1, page 4, line 8.*

Of all Roman authors, Tacitus had, undoubtedly, the best and purest source of information. I would consider him a somewhat doubtful historian of the war in the Peninsula, and of the character, appearance, manners, and customs of the Portuguese and Spaniards of that period, whose information had been drawn from the rank and file of the foreign armies engaged in that war; yet such was the source of information of the greater number of the Roman writers, in reference to the character, manners, and customs of the people of Britain, and of the Roman campaigns there. But I could not be disposed, substantially, to doubt the statements of any honest historian whose information was derived from the Duke of Wellington, as that of Tacitus was derived from Agricola.

The time of war, however, can never afford a just or true picture of a nation; and a hostile army, bent on conquest or aggrandisement, is a source of information of comparatively little value, under any circumstances. In the absence of all weightier testimony, however, we must just make the most of what we have, making due allowance for the narrow and jaundiced view which it is natural to expect from such a source. I have no doubt our ancestors were barbarians at some period of their existence, and we must just be content to rank among the ancient Phoenicians,

Carthaginians, and others, without the pale of Rome, who are represented as barbarians, like ourselves; although, from all we can learn upon the subject, they cannot have been very far behind the Mistress of the World herself in any other than that very questionable mark of civilization—the art of war. It might strike some curious old sage among our modern historians, if he could be distracted for a moment from his worship of those heathenish and really wicked old classics, that the decision of the Celestials, in regard to the modern Britons, may possibly be quite as sound as that of the Romans with regard to our ancestors.

"Tacitus," says Chalmers, "derived his information from Agricola, and, in all his allusions to the Northern Britons, we accordingly find, that, as he drew from a source little likely to be sullied either by prejudice or vulgar error, the leading features of his statements are in the main correct. In all his allusions to the North Britons may be discovered the certain evidence that they were something else than a mere horde of barbarians. From their firm and persevering resistance to the Roman troops, the policy of their warlike arrangements, their adoption of military ranks and ensigns and distinctions, and from the method with which, when danger pressed, all could unite for the sacred purpose of national defence, it is impossible not to perceive that they had not degenerated so far, as some have believed, from the condition of the Celtic cantons on the continent of Europe.

"If to these particulars be added their appearance on the field, supplied with broadsword and target, identically similar to those used by the Highlanders at Killiecrankie or Falkirk, provided also with the spear, the bow, and the lance, and covering their line of battle with a cloud of chariots 'armed to destroy,' we must believe the Caledonians to have been, in truth, not ill prepared to meet even the Roman legions in their struggle for independence."

Indeed, Tacitus' description of the Caledonians leads inevitably to the conclusion, that little credit is to be given to those writers who represent them as naked and painted savages.

"Zephiline, in his epitome of the lost books of Dion Cassius, Herodian, &c., shows that, in the midst of their description of the barbarity of the Caledonians, they admit that they fought in chariots, using swords, bucklers, poniards, and lances—these last most skilfully contrived—and mounted with sounding globes of brass, which were employed in frightening the horses of the enemy." "It is difficult to believe," continues Chalmers, "though such is the fact, that the contradictory statements on this subject refer to the same people; for had the ancient inhabitants of this country possessed the means and ingenuity necessary to construct a chariot, if they were acquainted with the means of making and the art of working in metals, able to fabricate a sword or to form a wheel," it may surely be conjectured, with every appearance of probability, that, in such a climate, they could hardly fail to have discovered the means of manufacturing cloth, and converting it into some sort of habiliments.

"The British forts are frequently found *vis-a-vis* with those of the Romans, as, for example, along the vale of Monteith, or on the southern slope of the Kilsyth or Campsie range of hills, to the Roman forts on the wall of Antoninus. In some places where the nature of the country had been found favorable to such an arrangement, a number of the smaller camps may be found, crowning with their circular ramparts the adjacent heights, and forming a sort of cluster round some fortress of commanding importance. Thus situated, they presented to every invader the stern front of a combined resistance."

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"Great was your mission, ye exalted few."

*Note 2, page 5, line 17.*

Long before the days of Columba, the little sequestered island of Iona was the seat of learning and an enlightened system of theology, which affords a beautiful contrast to the degrading

idolatry prevalent in Western Europe at the same period. With some show of reason, the druidical religion has been traced through Japhet, the progenitor of the Celtic race, to Noah, the second father of mankind.

Columba landed at Iona with twelve disciples only, yet, during his own lifetime, he founded, according to Spottiswood, no fewer than 100 monasteries and 365 churches, and ordained 3,000 priests or monks.

“These monks or priests,” says that true Highlander, the late Lachlan M’Lean, “were termed *Gille-De*, sing. *Gille-De*, i.e., a servant of God, just the same as the followers of Christ were called *Gillean-Chriod*, or Christians, at Antioch. From this term, *Gille-De*, the perverters of Gaelic have made out Kelede, Killedeus, Kuldee, &c. To the last of these, however, I must adhere for the sake of perspicuity.

“The establishment of the Culdees was divided into colleges or monasteries. In each of these there were twelve brethren, with an abbot, who had supreme authority over the rest, whilst all were under the control of the abbot of Iona.”

There appears to be no doubt that the Culdees had converted the whole of Scotland to Christianity during the sixth century, and that they had also extended their establishments over great part of the continent of Europe. In a pamphlet, introductory to the “History of Scotland,” by the late Sir John Sinclair, will be found a detailed account of the great progress which the missionaries of Iona had made on the continent.

“The people who lived on the Tweed,” says M’Lean, after describing the successful labours of the brotherhood throughout Scotland, “were next the objects of their high-toned piety. To these Aidan sent Eata, one of the twelve he took with him from Iona, and who was instrumental in bringing them over to the faith of the gospel. It was Eata, under Aidan, that laid the foundation of the monastery of Maoirois, or Melrose. Of this monastery, Eata himself was first abbot. He was succeeded by

the pious and learned Boisil, who again was succeeded by the famous St. Cuthbert. This Cuthbert, say the histories of the Irish, Columba took when a boy, and kept and educated for some time, together with a girl named Bridget, afterward St. Bride.

"The English, by this time, began to take instruction from these doves of Iona, and, in a few years, some eminent scholars were produced. Macduff, a learned Celt, or Scot, instituted the monastery of Malmesbury. This monastery afterwards became famous under Aldhelm, a pupil of Macduff, and (according to Cave, *Hist. Lit. Secul. 7, A.D. 680*) the first Englishman who wrote Latin. Segenius, second abbot of Iona, founded about the same time the church of Rechranc, and appointed a bishop to it.

"Aidan having gone to receive the well-done of his master, the college of Iona ordained and sent Finan to succeed him as bishop of Lindisfern, or Holy Island. He also took twelve disciples with him, of whom were Cedda, Adda, Betti, &c. These converted the Middle Angles, Mercians, and East Saxons, whose chief city was London, and instructed them in the liberal arts. Cedda was the bishop of Winchester, and, in the year 670, of Litchfield.

"Columbanus, a Scotchman, educated under Convellanus, abbot of Iona, was sent with twelve disciples, as usual, and extirpated the superstitions of the Gauls, where he founded the abbey of Leuxville, near Basançon, and presided as abbot for twenty years. A continental writer says, 'that he filled those regions with monasteries.' Among the twelve who accompanied him from Iona were Giles, who became famous in Switzerland, and Jonas, who became an abbot, and wrote the life of Columbanus.

"Cataldus, a native of Iona, left his paternal abode about the year 570, on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, whence he went to Italy, and was ordained bishop of Terentum. He succeeded at length to a professorship in Geneva.

"Scotland had by this time received from surrounding nations

the proud epithet of 'learned Scotia,' and graduates from the university of Iona were much in demand. Spottiswood records, that Charles the Great earnestly entreated King Achaius, who sent him Joannes Scotus, Cladius Clemens, Flacus Albinus, and Robanus Maurus. These four he sent with Gylielme, his brother, and by them it was that the university of Paris was founded. Scotus was, by the same Charles, employed for founding a university at Pavia, in Austrian Italy. To enumerate the monks and abbots sent to Ireland would make this chapter too long. Colgan particularizes 56, and Dr. Smith speaks of more. The most famous of them, I presume, was Gildas Albanus, who succeeded to the monastery of Armagh. He translated the Malmutine Laws out of Celtic into Latin, which were afterwards written in English by King Alfred.

"St. Giles, who had his education under Abbot Covellanus, in the beginning of the sixth century, and who accompanied his countryman, Columbanus, to Gaul, was eminent in those regions. In Switzerland, he converted several thousands to the Christian religion.

"In the disputes which now agitated the world (about image worship), St. Clement, from Iona, held a high rank." "In the end of the eighth century he wrote a book against image worship.

"Johannes Scotus Erigena, a native of Ayrshire, was the first philosopher of his day. Scotus corresponded with Charles the Bald of France, who intrusted him with the superintendence of his seminaries. During this time he wrote several learned books, and became the father of scholastic divinity." "Robanus Maurus was also an eminent scholar. He became archbishop of Mentz, and wrote large commentaries on the scriptures, together with a treatise on the Vision of God."

The above brief and imperfect sketch is quoted from M'Lean's valuable and interesting little work, the "Historical Account of Iona," which see for his authorities, and further information.

“ Lone isle! though storms have round thy turrets rode,  
 Though their red shafts have seared thy marble brow,  
 Thou wert the Temple of the living God,  
 And taught earth’s millions at his shrine to bow.  
 Though desolation wraps thy glories now,  
 Still wilt thou be a marvel through all time  
 For what thou hast been; and the dead who rot  
 Around the fragments of thy towers sublime,  
 Once taught the world, and swayed the realm of thought,  
 And ruled the warriors of each northern clime.”

MOORE.

“ And though their ranks no cunning armour showed.”

*Note 3, page 6, line 1.*

The learned advocates in favour of the Roman authorities anent the barbarity, nakedness, and painted bodies of the Caledonians, found chiefly on the Latin of the nickname *poichidh* (Latinized *picti*), given by the Caledonians (*Coille-Dhoinean*, men of the woods) to the Lowlanders, or *Maigh-Aitich*, cultivators of the plains, from the same feeling from which the modern Caledonian still calls the Lowlander *Galt*, vulgarly spelt and pronounced *Gall*. The word *poichidh* refers to the more acquisitive character of the Lowlanders of the above period, as *Galt* refers to the more luxurious, or, as the word more vulgarly interpreted implies, the glutinous habits of the cultivators of the plains, compared to those of the men of the mountains. But these learned gentlemen, singularly enough, apply to a language which never seems to have been general among the Caledonians, for the definition of this simple word, and ingeniously contend that it means painted or tattooed. In the Gaelic language it is still used in describing an avaricious person, or, literally, a *grub* or *grubber*.

The Highlanders, as may be observed at the Northern Gatherings, or in the Scottish fetes at Holland Park, always strip to the

kilt when about to exert strength or dexterity. Hence they fought stripped to the kilt at the battle of the Grampians as well as at Killiecrankie. This led the Roundheads under Mackay to describe the Highland army as *naked savages*. In saying so, they go no further than the Romans did, and I presume we may give both statements about equal weight. The Celtic legions in the service of Rome were distinguished by their ensigns and armorial bearings, as is testified by sculptures still in existence in "the Eternal City." It is quite possible, therefore, that the Caledonians, whose druidical ideas led them to place an almost religious value on funeral honors, may, as tradition asserts, have been in the habit of painting their crests upon their persons, that their bodies might be recognized in the event of being mangled in battle. Perhaps it is a relic of this custom that yet prevails among our seamen trading to foreign lands. Nothing is more common than to see their names, crosses, anchors, and other devices, tattooed upon their arms and bodies. It may be an uncouth, but it certainly is a very harmless habit; and it is considered useful by men leading a life of peril or adventure. That it originated, at least, in a kindred feeling, is the more probable, as the sailor's crest is usually impressed either by his sweetheart or dearest comrade. I cannot see how it should signify that the bearer of such marks must be a painted savage, any more than that the lady whose ears are bored for pendants must be allied to the negress.

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"Oft from behind their ramparts at the Forth,  
Their iron hosts were poured upon the North."

*Note 4, page 6, line 4.*

The position taken up by the Caledonians on the Grampians, affords to military men sufficient evidence of their proficiency in the science of war. This is not to be acquired in a primitive or uncivilized state of society. It could not be avoided by an

enemy invading the Highlands by land, without compelling them to deviate to a more inaccessible country; it had several passes or defiles in its rear, through which the Caledonians might retire to their fastnesses, if defeated, with much greater safety than the Romans could pursue; and it had easy plains in its front, which, should they be victorious, could not fail to prove ruinous to the enemy, owing to the quicker movements of the mountaineers and the number of their chariots, which would be deadly in the pursuit of a scattered or flying enemy. Nor did the conduct of this band of brothers in the battle belie their appearance on the hill. They fought with impetuous valour, and again and again returned to the charge, as if determined, by surpassing heroism, to redeem the blameless error by which this glorious victory was lost to their country; for blameless it surely was in the Highland chief, who met the Romans for the first time that day, to fall into the same error, which lost to the great and experienced Hannibal the battle of Ramea. Hannibal lost the battle by putting his elephants in front of his line, for they (being unable to make way through the firmly knit Roman legions, which presented an iron rampart, copped with a *cheveaux-de-frise* of swords and lances to oppose their advance) turned on their heels, and rode down the more open columns of their friends instead of their enemies. The same disaster happened to the Caledonians, in consequence of having placed their chariots in front, but not with the same effect upon the war; for it is not the loss of one, nor yet of a hundred battles, that could have deprived Caledonia, or can deprive Britain, of her freedom, should she preserve her brave and patriotic mountaineers to their country.

But the Caledonians profited by their error on the Grampians, as is witnessed by the monumental cairns of fifty thousand Romans, to be yet seen among the mountains, and by their compulsory desertion, first, of the Wall of Antoninus, and ultimately of the Wall of Severus; for it is not easy to believe that their difficulties at home would have induced them to give up a colony so

valuable, had they not found that the expense of defending it against their warlike neighbours, was more than sufficient to neutralize all the advantages of its possession.

"The men of Albyn still repelled the shock."

*Note 5, page 6, line 6.*

A curious little volume, entitled "Memoirs of Viscount Dundee, by an Officer of the Army," published by Jonas Brown, Black Swan, without Temple Bar, 1714, speaks thus of the successive struggles of the Highlanders:—

"It is evident as DEMONSTRATION itself, from an exact SURVEY of the CLANS' LOYALTY, COURAGE, and CONDUCT in the Highlands, that nothing but King James' Special Command could have put a Period to his Affairs in the Country. They, whom no Roman Bravery nor Policy, though flushed with Victory and Success wherever they came, could Conquer; but were forced to build Walls and draw Lines, for some Forty Miles in length, to Defend themselves from their Descents and Incursions,—can we pretend to Conquer so Bold and Martial a People?"

"Nay, the conquering *Saxons*, who overran the South Parts of our Island, and marched Northerly with confirmed Resolutions, (witness Edward the I.'s exertions,) of reducing the Whole under their Subjection, soon found themselves in a Mistake, and their Career stopped by the Ancient Scotch Highlanders.

"Do not Danish Historians in Red Letters deplore the Loss of 15,000 Men, who landed in the Firth of Murray, and were entirely cut off by the Highlanders? And if we descend to modern Times, we can readily bring to our Memories Six remarkable Battles, gained by the Great *Montrose* with his *Highlanders* against the Rebels, who were regular Troops, and always Four Times his Number; and all *English* Historians, not only confess, but applaud the Gallantry of King Charles the II.'s *Highland*

Army at *Worcester*, who showed so much Resolution and Bravery, against Ten Times their Number, that even their Enemies regretted their Misfortunes, and the King himself ordered them to retreat from their Posts; and God be thanked, the Loyal Blood of their Ancestors still freely runs in their Children's Veins, and they are always ready to shed the last Drop of Blood in Her Sacred Majesty's Service and Defence."

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"Launched the curach on its crystal tide."

*Note 6, page 12, line 24.*

Curachs were probably used by the early Celtic inhabitants of all countries intersected by arms of the sea and large rivers. They consisted of a wicker basket, covered with a hide or hides, proportioned to its size. They were used, according to Strabo and Virgil, by the Venetians, Iberians, &c. They were also used by all the British tribes, and it was probably from them that Cæsar learned their use and construction. Lucan, in a passage translated by Logan in his valuable work on the Scottish Gael, after describing the passage of his army across the Sicoris in curachs, concludes thus:—

"The bending willows into barks they twine,  
Then line the work with spoils of slaughtered kine;  
Such are the floats Venetian fishers know,  
Where, in dull marshes, stands the settling Po;  
In such to neighbouring Gaul, allured by gain,  
The bolder Britons cross the swelling main."

---

"The swans that like the Indian warriors sing."

*Note 7, page 12, line 22.*

The song of the dying swan is regarded, I believe, as a poetic

fiction; but swans do certainly sing when migrating. The music to the following lines has so touching a resemblance to their aerial minstrelsy, as to make me feel regret that it cannot be published with this note:—

“Guileag Eala sienn a ceo,  
A h-ioram bais air trai fo leon,  
'Sa comun grai an cian a trial,  
Le ceol tha fas an ard na'nial!  
Guileag i, guileag oh,  
Guileag i, guileag o,  
Guileag i, guileag oh,  
Guileag oh, guileag o.”

---

“Where cleek and leister from the waters won  
The scaly spoil”—

*Note 8, page 14, line 4.*

The leister and the cleek, which had each shafts of about sixteen feet long, were the favorite weapons of the more bold and dexterous fishers among the Highlanders, and the feats they achieved with these weapons among the pools and rapids of Highland rivers, in positions picturesque and dangerous, impressed themselves on the memories of such youths as were fated to push their fortunes abroad, in a manner so indelible, that their interest could not be surpassed by any future impressions, even those received in the field of battle itself. One of those adventurers, recalling home scenes in the then seat of war, India, commemorates, in an especial manner, Ronald of Highbridge, a Glen-coeman, whose feats in leister-fishing seem, in his opinion, to have exceeded, for daring and dexterity, anything which he had witnessed in the battle-field. Of the verses relating to Ronald

and Donald, of the curach family of Benspean, the following imitation may give some idea:—

“ Where, 'mong the mountains, Spean's headlong force  
Hews for her tides a wild and tortuous course;  
Where now she boils and foams in torrents high,  
Now calmly mirrors hill, and grove, and sky;  
Now hoarsely chides some barrier, stern and rude,  
Now seeks for rest in some dark solitude;  
Oft have I seen the salmon in his pride,  
Dashing the spray from his bespangled side.  
But 'tis in vain from febler foe he seeks,  
Through linns and rapids, her protecting creeks;  
In vain he leaves Lochlinie's angry tides,  
In vain through net-set Lochie safely glides;  
Ronald of Highbridge takes his deadly stand  
On some commanding cliff, with spear in hand.  
Nor secret stronghold, caverned dark and low,  
Nor foaming linn can save him from his blow.  
Where never did another's leister sound,  
His aim, unerring, pins him to the ground;  
E'en should he take the Coi-lean, foaming high,  
His cleek will snatch him between pool and sky.  
Friend, strong of arm, and true and warm of heart,  
Much have I seen since I with thee did part—  
Much have I seen, and often have I stood  
Where carnage bathed the field with British blood;  
Yet never saw engaged in warlikefeat,  
A man whose daring might with thine compete!

“ And Donald, son of John, I cannot whiles  
But think of thee with all thy daring wiles,  
And thy strange basket, with its ash-bound side,  
Well sewed and crammed in the white horse's hide;

There, where no two would dare to take their stand,  
Thou coolly sitt'st, thy leister in thy hand—  
Thy leister of two prongs, blue, barbed, and keen,  
With shaft of feet in length at least sixteen.  
Thus borne and armed, thou mak'st the curach spin,  
In wild gyrations, to the deafening linn.  
Eager yet wary, with a raven's eye,  
By the broad bonnet shaded from the sky,  
Thou scan'st the water, eddying deep and clear,  
Then hurlest at the hiding prey thy spear.  
Nor yet in vain—he floats upon the tide,  
The leister silvered in his quivering side."

—From "Mo Shorrie gu Lochie," by Lieut. JAS. M'DONALD.

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"Infirm and aged is poor Flora now,  
A tale of sorrow is her furrowed brow."

*Note 9, page 14, line 16.*

Donald of the Curagh, referred to in the preceding note, belonged to a family of eccentric and rather solitary habits, who lived near the confluence of the Spean with the Lochie from time immemorial. He was one of those old heretics, who could never believe that the river and the forest were the property of anybody else than the natives of the district. This family continued to use the curach in leister-fishing until the male part of them became extinct; but the sister of the last of the race was still living there in my younger days, in solitude and age, clinging, with all the tenacity of Highland affection, to the rugged scenes, hallowed to her heart by the memory and adventures of her fathers, and many were the salmon left at her door by Ronald of Highbridge, and other successful fishers; for, strange to say, the salmon never became scarce in the Highlands, until the

sheepskin lairds claimed them as property, and deprived the people of a right sanctioned by immemorial usage.

I remember, many years ago, to have seen a veteran of the army of Abercrombie, standing, cleek in hand, on the rock which overhangs the waterfall of Annet, on the river Roy, at a time when it

"Roared frae bank to brae,"

after a mountain spate. The river, divided by the pinnacle on which he stood, fell in tumbling and foaming torrents over the ledge on either side of the burly and picturesque veteran, whose boldness amazed and alarmed me, when I saw that he had only one leg to stand upon, the other being only his "Alexandrian leg." Nevertheless, there he stood, on a bare, black, slippery rock, as immovable as a herculean statue, with his long-shafted cleek extended over the waterfall, in wait for the leaping salmon. While looking on with some emotion, I saw a large salmon leaping high in the air, and falling into the foaming torrent within a few feet of the veteran's wooden leg. The cleek was put in requisition with lightning speed, and the large salmon was struggling on its barb, and out of the water in a twinkling. It was now that I trembled for the veteran. How he was to cross the narrow but angry torrent between him and the opposite bank, with a splendid salmon struggling on his cleek, high in the air, was the question; but to my no small relief, it was a question soon solved. The old soldier took the water, without a moment's *reconnoitre* or hesitation, and surprised me still more by putting the wooden leg in first! On taking the fish off the cleek, he flung it on a whole pile of salmon previously taken in a similar manner, and which looked like snow in the midst of the heather. Although he appeared to me so intent on his sport as to see nothing but the waterfall, it seems that my interested attention had caught his notice; for, taking up a salmon by the tail, he beckoned me up the bank, where the river had a narrow chan-

nel, and the noise of the waterfall was less heard, and asked me if I was the son of —, who had recently taken the farm of —. Being answered in the affirmative, he flung the salmon across the river, and requested that I would present it to my mother with the compliments of Allastair Mac Dhounuil Mhoir Oig, whose family and hers had many hereditary and friendly claims upon one another.

I afterwards became well acquainted with Allastair, who, although the son of a gentleman, could not resist the fascination of the Duchess of Gordon, and enlisted in the Gordon Highlanders. Among many interesting adventures by flood and field, he told me, that while lying wounded, and on his back on the battle-field in Egypt, he saw an Egyptian marauder, who was plundering and stripping, not only the slain, but also the helplessly wounded, making his way in the direction in which he lay. On his nearer approach, he saw, to his horror, that the wretch had a stocking or bag, in the end of which he had a stone, or some other deadly weight, with which he did not hesitate to knock on the head such of the wounded as had sufficient strength to resist his rapacity. Allastair, fired with indignation, drew his musket towards him, and opened his cartridge-box; but found that he had not a single shot left, and could not raise himself from the ground to use the bayonet. At length, however, he contrived to gather as much loose powder in his cartridge-box as made about half a charge. Tearing a wadding from his shirt, he loaded his musket the best way he could, and leaving the iron ramrod down instead of a ball, shot the plunderer as he approached.

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"The man she loved was slain in Cona's glen."

*Note 10, page 14, line 18.*

I have remarked that they are the best and bravest of every people, who resist usurpation and oppression even to rashness.

Hence severity for political offences, though the most common, is the most unjustifiable of all severity. The Glencoemen had something of the above character. They were generous, hospitable, and kind-hearted; but their tempers were high, and their confidence in the fidelity and bravery of each other was unlimited. Hence they were, perhaps, but too apt to draw the sword to resent an injury or to protect a right. I will describe, in a subsequent note, the resistance made by the Camerons to the innovation of charters; nor was that made by the Glencoe and Braelochaber M'Donalds, in a struggle of ages, less determined. But hasty as the Glencoemen were, I am not aware of a single tradition charging them with the base and malignant passion of revenge. Indeed, many and various as are our Highland traditions, revenge occupies but few of their number. The Raid of Gilli-Chrioed, avenging the treacherous murder of a chieftain, and the smoked cave of one of the western islands for a less deadly cause, are, if not the whole, at least the most atrocious ascribed to any clan or two clans. Of individual acts of revenge, I scarcely recollect one; for that of M'Lean, who visited on the chief and his only son in so deadly a manner, the degradation to which he had been subjected, may, from his last and exculpatory exclamation, be ascribed more to his devotion to his clan, whom he wished to rid of a tyrant and his descendants, than to any feeling of personal or cruel vengeance. At any rate, the character of the Glencoemen has never been stained by any such act. The following extract from the "Keppoch Song," is not unworthy of being copied here as highly characteristic of this unfortunate race:—

"In the rebellion of 1745, a party of Glencoemen had been appointed as a guard over the house of a Dalrymple, to protect it from pillage, as that name was noted as imimical to the Stuarts; and the conduct of the great Earl of Stair, in support of the Revolution and the House of Hanover, was well recollected. But soon after the placing of the party, it was adverted to that he

was a descendant of that Dalrymple, whose official duty it had been to present to King William, for signature, the warrant for the midnight execution in Glencoe. The guard was, therefore, immediately ordered to be changed. The Glencoemen asked what they had done to deserve such dishonour or suspicion? The before-mentioned reason was given to them; to which they replied, that it did not belong to them to visit the sins of the fathers on the heads of the children; and if they were not allowed to remain at their post until the proper time of relief, they would go home, and have nothing more to do with the cause." This party was commanded by Donul Mac Raonuil Mhic Aillein of Achtriachaden, who was married to the daughter of Aillein du na Fiadh, and much distinguished in "the '45."

## C A N T O I I.

"And hail, too, brave Mac Coll."

*Note 1, page 21, line 20.*

Sir Allastair Mac Donald, whose Celtic patronimic we have used above, was lieutenant-general and second in command of Montrose's army. He was the son of Coll Mac Donald, commonly called Coll *Coitach*, from being left-handed, a gentleman who had been not only deprived of his hereditary possession, but ultimately of his life, by Argyll, by means of juridical feudal powers, which, if not granted, were at least used for the aggrandisement of his family, at the expense of his neighbours. Coll *Coitach* fought bravely in defence of his own and his people's rights, against his powerful and rapacious neighbour; but being brought to an extremity, was at length compelled to abandon both his lands and his country to the usurper. He retired to, and found shelter with, his relative and friend, the Earl of Antrim, who acted as a father to his great son Allastair, and trained and educated him under his own eye. When the earl espoused the cause of King Charles, and resolved to send fifteen hundred swordsmen to join the friends of the cause in the Highlands, Allastair and another gentleman, a veteran relative of the earl's, were competitors for the command. The choice, as was customary among the Celts, was left to the decision of the clan. Allastair's opponent was a known and tried leader; but Allastair contended that an expedition, sent to fight "shoulder to shoulder"

along with the best swordsmen in Europe, should be under the command of the best swordarm in Ireland. "And where is that arm?" asked the other fiercely. Allastair drew his sword, and making it whistle through the air, exclaimed, "Here it is!" The other paused for a moment, pleased with the ready action of the young hero, and then demanded, "And whose is the next best swordarm in Ireland?" Allastair instantly threw his sword in the air, caught it in his left hand, and making it again whistle round his head, coolly replied, "Here it is!" The clan elected Allastair by acclamation; nor need we say he proved worthy of their choice.

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"And Allan Du—the deer of old Dalness."

*Note 2, page 22, line 7.*

Aillein-du-na-fis (dark-haired Allan, the deer-stalker) was second brother to Macdonald of Dalness. His father and uncle having lost their lives, under very affecting and romantic circumstances, in Eas-nan-Aighan, a waterfall in Glen Etive, he was sent to and brought up by his relative, Glengarry, with his equally celebrated friend, Allasdair-du, mentioned in the Addenda as being killed at Killiecrankie. Inverlochy was the first engagement seen by these twin heroes, who were then mere lads. Aillein-du was present in all the battles of Montrose, and commanded the Glencoe men at Auldearn, where he greatly distinguished himself—charging a party of dragoons, sword in hand, and driving them from an important position, where they offered a check to a movement which Montrose had ordered by the Irish brigade, under Allastair Mac Colla. He was also present at Killiecrankie, a grey-headed but stalwart old warrior, and escaped without a wound. It is humiliating to think that this patriotic and old loyalist, after having fought so many battles, and attained such distinction in the field, was literally killed by

a snail!—for, such was his refinement of feeling and high-toned sensibility, that he never recovered the shock, received on finding a snail at the bottom of a bowl of cream he had drank off in a shelting among his native hills. Aillein was the best marksman in Scotland, and his long Spanish gun was christened by his clansmen "Bas Cuigee"—the death of Whigs. This celebrated piece is said to be in the possession of Sir Duncan Cameron of Fassifern, Bart.

"She'd shrunk, like Glastic sprite, beneath thine eye."

*Note 8, page 22, line 22.*

The Glastic was the most horrific spectre known to the Highland demonology. A salmon, after it has spawned, and lies in lank and flabby sickliness at the bottom of some lonely pool, is termed a *stic*—equivalent to our own slink salmon. *Glas* signifies grey. It has been conjectured, with some show of probability, that the superstition of the Glastic may have arisen through the stolen visits made by druidical or other priests to lonely habitations in search of provisions, after they were driven into hiding by the persecution. The description is certainly quite applicable to the wan and cadaverous hue of an originally well-conditioned man reduced to starvation.

Allan's interview with the Glastic is thus described in "Tait's Magazine" for June, 1849:—

"When in a lonely hunting-bothy among the mountains, now called Alt-na-Callaich, accompanied by Angus Mor and a favorite hound, Oscar, he heard a gushing noise, resembling that of a stream that had burst its banks, descending the hill and approaching the bothy; while a dirge-like voice, breaking forth at solemn intervals, poured forth these words:—'Wail through the narrow glen—they come—they come—they come!'

"Angus Mor had fallen into a trance-like sleep, but not so

Oscar. He sprang on the heather mattress on which his master reclined, with a furious growl, and stood over him watching, and in the attitude of springing at the door; but in a state of excitement, which more resembled the frenzy of terror, than the energy of his usually fierce courage and determination. The creaking and crazy door sprang suddenly open, and a cloud-like form, gigantic and hideous, huddled forward into the bothy, and with an appalling leer of recognition, spread its large paws over the fire to enjoy the warmth they seemed so much to require. In this position she remained for a moment immovable; when, just as Oscar became convulsively violent, and was in the act of springing upon her across the fire, her body started at once to its terrific height, with a jerk like that of a well-bent bow escaping the bondage of its snapped string; and bending forward above Allan, with her head touching the roof, she cried, in her supernatural and yelling voice, 'Tie the dog, Allan! Tie the dog.' Allan, though appalled at first by her horrific appearance and petrifying voice, was restored to his presence of mind by her threatening gesture and command. He instantly sprang to his feet, and snatching his dirk from its sheath, pointed it at her breast, replying calmly but sternly, 'I invoke the presence of the living God between us, and neither fear nor obey your commands!' Her red eye glared malignly in his face, her armed mouth opened from ear to ear, she stooped forward as if to snatch him up in her hand, and then, as if struck by a sudden thought, broke into an eldritch laugh, and hissed these words in his ears:—'Thou shalt see it! Thou shalt see it! Thou shalt see it! The sacked cottage, the burned hamlet, the strong and the brave of thy doomed race sinking without resistance in their own blood; the pure and the lovely dragged in ruffian arms, or flying from impure violence to the clefts of the rocks or the bosoms of the snow-wreaths, or the lakes! With thy proud and generous heart uncooled, untamed; thy strong and expert arm unshrunk, unwithered; thou wilt gaze at the melting sight, impotent to

relieve, powerless to revenge!' With these denunciations, and with gestures of malignant triumph, she resumed her crouching attitude, and huddled herself out of the door; but the same petrifying dirge:—' Wail through the narrow glen—they come—they come—they come,' continued to ring in Allan's ears, until her voice seemed to dissolve in the tempest-invoked echoes of the towering cliffs which surrounded the sheiling."

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" Yet little are his virtues understood  
Within thy courtly circles, Holyrood."

*Note 4, page 24, line 12.*

The history of John of Moidart, who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century, is a singular commentary on the difference between the traditions of the people and the records of the courts of Scotland. In the latter, John of Moidart figures as a petty robber or thief, and occasionally as a murderer or house-breaker, and in this light must he appear in the eyes of those who scorn the aid of tradition in the elucidation of the national character. For assuredly the patriarchal was the national system by which the people of Scotland—with the exception of the vassals and serfs of the feudal lords and barons (who alone submitted to or had influence in our then courts of law)—were practically governed at that time, and John of Moidart was not only a brave and a powerful chief, but the very Wallace of those who looked upon that system as the palladium of their rights and liberties. Had Wallace lived in the days of feudalism, he could never have made the figure he did; but, fortunately for Scotland, in his day the source of honours and dignities was a man's own virtue and valour, and not the favour of a feudal superior or king. He was thus able to rally around him, in the hour of his country's need, such a force of daring and hardy freemen as to set the

feudal usurper of England at defiance. No man can form a true estimate of the character of the people of Scotland in "the olden time," who does not recognize the strongly-marked difference between the feudal and patriarchal systems, and who is ignorant of the number of feuds, raids, and battles, occasioned by the encroachments of the one on the other. It was not the violent or disorderly character of the people, but the Machiavelian, unconstitutional, and cruel policy of the kings of Scotland, to exalt and consolidate their own power, by reducing the people into vassals and serfs to feudal or charter-made lords or chiefs, that was the cause of the feuds and bloodshed which kept the country in a continual state of civil war for so many ages.

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"Welcome, brave clansmen ! though your chief, Lochiel,  
Perchance finds other service for his steel."

*Note 5, page 26, line 6.*

The old bard has here permitted himself, in the warmth of his loyalty, to make rather an ungenerous reflection upon the aged warrior, Lochiel. It will be seen, on reference to succeeding notes, that he had little to choose between the opposing parties on this occasion, but, although determined on neutrality himself, he scorned to influence the actions of his clan, and was secretly not displeased, perhaps, to find them adopt, almost to a man, the cause of the ancient dynasty. He himself was stationed on Badanabach, above Corpach, within view of the field, and on witnessing the gallantry of Lawers and his resistless little force, who charged again and again the victorious army of Montrose, and thus saved the raw levies from the low country from annihilation, he exclaimed, from time to time, in the height of admiration, "Mo laochan ! raider an eich gheal !" Bravo ! knight of the white steed !

"Oh, chivalrous Mac Colla! would that thou  
Wert here to fire us with like spirit now!"

*Note 6, page 80, line 12.*

The hand-to-hand engagement between Lawers and Mac Colla is traditionally the same as is here described, with this difference, that Mac Colla, at that time, was borne back by a charge made by the Campbells, under Patrick, then designed of Margnaha, a chieftain celebrated in tradition, and Duncan of Duilater, and that the incidents represented as following Mac Colla's famous sword-cut, occurred afterwards at the battle of Auldern. The two heroes loved and admired a fair trial of swordsmanship, and, upon being separated at Inverlochy, earnestly coveted another opportunity of testing each other's prowess. This was offered them at Auldern, where the incidents so feebly described actually occurred. When we consider the ruin of his family and the murder of his father as having been compassed by the Campbells, as also the heat of the encounter and the rancorous spirit so unscrupulously fomented by the leading men of that age, we are no less astonished than delighted at the true nobility of soul displayed by Mac Colla. Such was the chivalrous character of the men whom the feudal and fanatical writers of poor Scotland's history (as they are pleased to denominate their dull and prosy novels) represent as barbarians and savages. At the same time we may fairly challenge their whole lucubrations, ancient or modern, to produce such an instance of magnanimous courtesy as was thus shown by the injured Mac Colla, on the field of battle, to his heroic adversary.

## CANTO III.

"Lent their false swords to swell the Saxon van."

*Note 1, page 31, line 16.*

This is a very absurd line. We cannot, in sober truth, and never could conceive what the Saxons had to do with Cumberland's army. But what could we say? Until that Celtic giant, Dr. MacElheran, with his stern array of figures, and his terrible ethnical survey of England, seized the *Times* by the throat, and shook the words "heterogeneous multitude" from the thunderer's tongue, as alone descriptive of the race, we had no more correct denomination by which to distinguish the extraordinary mixture, formerly known as the "Saxon" or "Anglo-Saxon" race, than the term we have used. "The word Saxon," says the *Times* in apology, "may possibly have dropped occasionally from our pen, when it was not easy to find a better substitute, and when the allusion was not so much to the English as to the settlers in Ulster; and to the stewards, bailiffs, and other importations from the Lowlands of Scotland. It is not our boast, because we know it is not the fact, that the English people at large are Saxon or Anglo-Saxon." Our own predicament exactly, and the apology is ample enough to serve for both. But we see no reason why Sawney should wear the saddle the *Times* so coolly flings from his own shoulders. He is fully as much entitled to be exculpated as John Bull is from the gross imputation of being the grovelling animal thus painted from the life.

"From a long and careful examination," says MacElheran, "the Saxon is ascertained to be a flaxen-haired, bullet-headed, pig-eyed, huge-faced, long-backed, pot-bellied, bad-legged, stupid, slavish, lumbering, sulky boor, whose moral state is a disgrace and regret to England. Their uniformity of complexion and figure, their obesity, their weak legs and scanty beard, their small brain in proportion to their long spine, and large flat face, are marks of inferiority. The best of your people"—the English—"are pure Britons and Gauls, and Highland Scots, who, as masters or foremen, invariably walk over the head of your Saxons." Thank you, MacElheran! you have described here a race that can be nothing to us, and we are quite happy you have reduced him to the smallest possible compass. We do recollect a nightmare, of a man haunting us once in a railway carriage from Carlisle to London, and do believe he must have sat for the picture of your Saxon. Poor man, he was a burden to himself, and really looked like one of those ogres mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis, who made a common practice of selling their own children and relations as slaves, in the twelfth century. Had one of the Saxon hags, described by Macaulay, squatted beside him and chanted a war-song to kindle the bull-dog physiognomy into life, I doubt not he would have eaten every man in the carriage. But a truce to trifling; if this being still lives, I have no doubt he is fulfilling a mission as well as ourselves. That he was a specimen of some rare and all but extinct people, I could well believe; and if the ethnologist is to be credited, he was a Saxon. Had such of his original race, however, as landed in England, been negroes instead of Saxons, they could not have left as much of their blood in an unmixed state in Britain, as would serve as colouring matter for the population of a single parish at this day. I am now going to make an assertion that will stagger many readers; but I am confident the competent will find it correct. The early parts of the Saxon Chronicles (that is, those parts of them which had been written before the Saxons had

become amalgamated with the Latinized inhabitants of the Roman provinces) can be much better understood by a mere Gaelic than by a mere English scholar, owing to their much greater affinity to the modern Gaelic than to the modern English. We cannot better conclude this note than in the calm and judicious remark with which MacElheran closes his able but withering communication to the *Times*. The honest Celt, with the open-hearted and generous frankness of his race, grasps the thunderer by the hand and says—"Revelation and science both teach me that Saxon and Celt are brothers; that degeneracy is the cause of peculiarities of race in both, and that both are capable of restoration. The Saxon has his good qualities, and fulfils a destiny. I don't hate him for priding himself; but I do detest your vile race of mongrels, who would be Saxon or Hottentot because the Irish are Celtic."—"Celt and Saxon," by J. MAC-ELHERAN, M.R.C.S.E., 1852.

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"How could our country, thus divided, stand?"

*Note 2, page 32, line 1.*

The successor of the first chief of the clan Cameron who received a charter seems to have become, all at once, imbued with the treachery and rapacity of feudalism, and began to look about him for some patriarchal chieftain with whom he could pick a quarrel, with the view of acquiring some addition to his estate. This neighbour he thought he discovered in Glencoe, whose followers did not exceed a third of his own clan strength. He accordingly, in order to sound his way by small beginnings, laid claim to the salmon-fishing in the river Leven, at the head of the arm of the sea of that name, the net-fishing in which had been assigned to a widow, whose husband had fallen in battle, for her maintenance. Having tried various manœuvres to gain his object by a mixture of threats and diplomacy to no purpose,

he sent a message to Glencoe to the effect, that unless the nets and cobles should be removed from the river by such a day, he would repair to the spot with such a party of his clan as would compel their removal.

On receiving the above message, Glencoe intimated the state of matters to his friend and clansman, Keppoch, and invited him and his clan to a day's fishing on the river Leven to meet Lochiel and the Camerons. When the men of Braelochaber and Glencoe came within sight of one another repairing to the place of meeting, the one on Creag-an-Shionich and the other on Creag-an-Du, they greeted one another with loud cheers, and their two celebrated clan-pipers, Mac Glaserich and Mac Ianric, struck up the salutes of their respective houses with a vehemence that made the mountains ring again. This incident is beautifully painted in the ballad in which the grateful widow commemorates the event, two or three verses of which I have imitated and submit to the reader. She shows less taste in representing Locheil as escaping from his dilemma by a subterfuge, for the tradition is that the Camerons refused to join their chief in an unjustifiable aggression on the rights of their neighbours, as the Mac Leans had acted towards themselves in similar circumstances. Indeed, notwithstanding the changes rung on the feuds of the clans, I believe it will be impossible to mention a single conflict between two Highland clans which did not originate in some unjustifiable claim, founded, or attempted to be founded, upon some sheepskin grant, either by the king or some feudal vassal. The battle of Blarleine, for instance, arose from the manœuvres of Lovat and his friends to impose his nephew, who had become imbued with feudalism under his tuition, on the Mac Donalds of Moidart, as a chief, instead of his uncle, whom they had elected, on the death of his brother, as the nearest in descent to the founder of the family; and the battle of Milroy was fought in resistance to a sheepskin claim on the estate immemorially possessed by the Mac Donalds of Braelochaber, by Macintosh.

It is a singular fact, that after the death of Sir Ewan Cameron, who was allowed to take a charter, the clan began to be treated by his son John and his heirs like serfs, so that they are all but unknown at this day in their native district, while the Mac Donalds of Braelochaber, who resisted to the last, and whose lands have ultimately fallen into the hand of the chief whose yoke they resisted for ages, Macintosh, have found his descendant not only a just and a kind, but actually a generous landlord, whose wish is to preserve and enable them to thrive in the land of their fathers.

Oh ! well might I distrust their bold commands,  
That would deprive me of my salmon right,  
When I beheld my clan's most daring bands  
Crossing Maimlong in their undoubting might.  
And come ye to the fishing in this gear,  
With targets, daggers, and unsheathed claymore,  
Unfolding banners yet unknown to fear,  
Descending like a torrent to the shore ?

In shining helm, with plume and heather crest,  
And gleaming arms, and tartans bright and gay,  
Mac Ianric leads and towers above the rest,  
Making the mountains ring to his bold lay ;  
While he, the far-famed piper from the west,  
Ever to Keppoch and his clansmen dear,  
Shows, o'er the serried hosts, his gallant crest,  
And pours his maddening onset on the ear.

Bold as he is, Lochiel may feel dismay,  
In a wrong cause to match with bands like these,  
Who never in the battle-field give way,  
Nor yield to force what equity gainsays.

And have the Camerons come with fishing gear,  
Rods, leisters, lines, to meet this stern array?  
'Twas wisely thought of—if it was not fear—  
Better a feast with such foes than a fray.

"But oh! 'twas hard the memory to efface  
Of all the wrongs inflicted by his race."

*Note 3, page 87, line 2.*

We have shortly alluded elsewhere to the grasping and avaricious spirit of the Stuart kings. The coolness with which their wholesale robberies were committed, is admirably illustrated by the following preamble to "Acts of Parliament (?) 41, anno 1455," which sets forth—"Forasmeeke as the poverty of the crown is oft-times the cause of the poverty of the realm, and that many uther inconveniences ar there throw, the quhiliks are lang to expreeme, be the advice of the ful council of the parliament, it is statute and ordained, that in ilk part of the realme, for the King's residence, quhair it happenes him to be, there be certaine lordships and castelles annexed to the crown, perpetually to remaine," &c., and so annexes to the crown sundry earldoms, lordships, baronies, and lands, "to remaine thereat for ever." In such acts there is usually a clause inserted, making it lawful for the crown to gift away its lands at pleasure, and anno 1476 we have an act (70) containing "the revocation of our soveraine lord of all alienations, infestments, gifts, &c., that be hurt or prejudicial till his airs, or to his crown." This affords a curious evidence of the airy nature of titles from the crown, and the unsubstantial nature of charters in the old feudal times. In the reign of James the Fifth, an act was passed, of date December 1540, annexing to the crown, "to remaine perpetuallie, &c. In the first, the lands and lordahips of all his isles, south and north; the twa Kintyres, with the castelles pertaining thereto, and their

pertinentes; the lands and lordships of Orkney, Zetland, and the isles perteining thereto, and their pertinentes; the lands and lordshippe of Douglas," and many others: not a bad sweep for one session of parliament. With such examples of the original insecurity of their position, it certainly appears a curious infatuation that possesses our Highland proprietors at this moment. To place themselves in antagonism with the people of this country, on the strength of such vapoury tenures, argues a recklessness much more foolish than that of the race through whose whimsical favour they hold their present place in society. They really should take care for their own sakes. It is desirable to preserve a hereditary aristocracy, as being the most thoroughly independent element of a legislature, but no man can advise their preservation at the expense of a people's extermination, as in the Highlands. The assemblage called parliament, above, was simply such of the creatures of the sovereign as were ready to sanction whatever he might please to propose. Scotland never had a parliament, in the modern or constitutional sense of the word. The king usurped despotic power, and got the creatures of his despotism to sanction all acts whereby he sought to sustain it; but the clans never were either the props or tools of the system. It never extended to the Highlands.

It is thus seen that the Scottish noble, under the Stuart dynasty, was a mere creation of, and completely dependent upon, the breath of the reigning monarch. Let us see what measure of liberty was enjoyed by the people. According to Andrews, "there was one abuse which rendered every court of justice nugatory. It had become a custom for the Scottish monarchs to bestow on their favourites, not only estates but powers and privileges equal to their own. These were styled 'lords of regalities'; they formed courts around them, had mimic officers of state, and tried, executed, or pardoned the greatest criminals." That the Highlanders resisted to the death such a system, and such jurisdictions, is anything but discreditable to them; and that

they should have experienced, when a new and apparently a more enlightened mode of government was brought into general operation, all the oppression and indignity of the system they had so long and so successfully resisted, when exposed in all its naked depravity, is anything but creditable to the British Government.

" 'Twas southern gold that bought the Gael's retreat."

*Note 4, page 87, line 9.*

From the moment in which the onward and triumphant progress of the Highlanders towards the goal of their expedition was reversed, suspicion took possession of their hearts—suspicion of the councils which guided their boy prince, arising more perhaps from the revival, on this emergency, of the traditions which characterized his race, as the most brave and chivalrous, but, at the same time, the most capricious and wrong-headed family that ever governed a high-minded people, than from any doubt or experience of his own incapacity. Their confidence in the loyalty and fidelity of every one of their number to the cause in which they were engaged, and in their own superiority to anything in the shape of an army that might be gathered in haste to intercept their progress to London, remained unshaken until then, and rendered them such a band of heroes as, under the leading of a Bruce, were not unlikely to achieve all they aimed at; and they fondly believed, that in the gallant and royal youth who chivalrously threw himself on their bosoms, with so much confidence and enthusiasm, they saw a younger Bruce. But, alas! their eyes were now opened, and their confidence shaken, if not in his bravery and enterprise, at least in his judgment and firmness of purpose, without which they well knew he neither deserved nor could secure success.

The suspicions against Lord George Murray (who was all and

all with the Prince, and even with some of the most influential chiefs and chieftains), which now began to be whispered among the discontented clans, may perhaps have arisen from the well-known temporizing policy of his family during the various troubles in Scotland. Its chiefs were always too cautious to risk their estates, and took care to secure indemnity for themselves, whatever the result might be, by having near connections ranged under the banners of both parties. Thus, the Earls Marischal, Perth, Kilmarnock, &c., who, in joining the Prince, placed everything in jeopardy, inspired the clans with every confidence; while the neutrality or double-dealing of the Duke of Athole and Gordon, and of other feudal families in the North, offered no guarantee of the honesty or sincerity of their co-operation. The murderous night-march, undertaken for the purpose of attacking the enemy in their camp, which was defeated by his own dereliction in marching off with one wing of the army without ordering the other wing to follow, whereby they lost precisely as much time as to bring them to the vicinity of the English camp an hour later than was intended; the countermarch, after he had come so near the camp as to have rendered it much more prudent to attack the enemy, when they were being drawn out to receive him, than to retreat; the allowing a great part of his small army to proceed to Inverness on a foraging expedition, after they returned to the camp, though he must have known that the Duke was too prudent and vigilant to allow the new-born courage, plucked up by his army at the apparently sudden panic which their hitherto dreaded enemy had experienced at the very sight of their array, to cool before bringing them to an engagement; his resolving to fight the battle in the absence of five clans which were home on leave of absence, and which, as he also well knew, were on their way, at full speed, with a small supply of provisions, to join their starving comrades; his resolving to fight in the very worst position that could be selected by an army without cavalry or artillery, to meet an army complete in both arms; his offering

to the Mac Donalds such an insult on the field of battle, by depriving them of the post of honour assigned to them in every field since the battle of Bannockburn, as they could not fail to resent without dishonour to their race; and, above all, his keeping them under the fire of the artillery without an answering gun, until their columns were thinned and mutilated, and they broke from their ranks (when they could no longer stand it), and rushed upon the enemy, band after band, without order or combination, instead of leading them at once in a united and furious charge, and thus giving to his brave handful of men the only chance he still left them of victory;—all these circumstances combined, produced a conviction in the minds of the Highlanders, that English gold had more to do with the inglorious victory at Culloden than English valour.

I have said *English* valour, merely because some authoritative chroniclers of this most lamentable affair have represented it as a battle between the Scotch and English, omitting to state that thousands of Irish and Scotch soldiers were interspersed among all the English regiments at Culloden; and that three of the best regiments in the front line (a forlorn hope, it would appear, for they were annihilated) were Scotch regiments. When the English historians, therefore, and the Duke of Cumberland and his officers, boast of the carnage at Culloden as an English victory, they pay no high compliment to the information and intelligence of England. But even supposing that every man who fought against the Highlanders at Culloden had been an Englishman, England can have little to boast of in the defeat of two thousand men, under such circumstances, even although Highlanders; for only the front line of the Prince's army was engaged, and it did not exceed two thousand, including the Mac Donalds, who were not fired at, and did not fight. This clan, neutralized by a meaning insult, remained idle until the clans were defeated, and then left the field in a body, with bagpipes playing and colours flying, carrying with them the body of Keppoch, who,

having served in the English army, had acquired such ideas on the subject of military discipline, as to disregard the point of honour which governed the clan on this occasion, and advance, single-handed, to charge the opposing lines.

Some military gentlemen are in the habit of referring to the defeat of the Highlanders at Culloden, in proof of the superiority of the musket and bayonet to the sword and target. I would refer to it as proving the reverse. Making a fair allowance for the number killed and wounded by the artillery before they could reach the English army, (if I must follow the fiction and so call it,) every Highlander who lived to do so, must have killed, on an average, about three men in that engagement! I am not unacquainted with the bearing of British soldiers in the field of battle, and my opinion is, that if the army were armed like the old Highlanders, the strongest armies in the world, armed as they now are, could not resist its charge.

The vindictive and blood-thirsty spirit displayed by Cumberland and his allied army at Culloden, is a stain upon the British flag that can never be forgotten. What a contrast does it present to the beautiful weakness of the Stuart Prince at the battle of the Boyne, when he cried to the conquerors, with tears in his eyes, "Oh, spare my English subjects! Spare my English subjects!"

For a confirmation of what we have remarked upon this melancholy subject, we refer the reader to our imitation of Colonel John Roy Stewart's poem on Culloden—a gentleman of high-toned feelings and chivalrous honour, who fought in the engagement.—See **ADDENDA**.

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"When the just Eric flowed at thy command."

*Note 5, page 42, line 16.*

The laws of the Celtic clans were derived from time immemorial. They were founded on equity, and very simple, but withal sufficiently comprehensive to embrace all questions that might arise in a primitive state of society. They were administered by a judge, appointed in more ancient times by the Druids, whose title in Scotland was *Fear-gu-breith*, literally, the *Man to Judge*, which the Welsh and Irish corrupted or abbreviated into *Brehon*; and by a jury consisting of the chieftains or heads of the branches composing the clan. The chief, who was of old called *Maor Mor*, (being the executive of the sentence of the above court,) in contradistinction to *Maor*, the title of the officer of the clan, (synonymous with and still borne by our *Messenger-at-Arms*,) was not a member of the *Brehon Court*, as it is now more generally called, and had no jurisdiction whatever. He was simply the war chief and executive of the clan. All cases tried before this court admitted of being compensated, as under the Jewish law, by restitution, or by a mulct, or fine, denominated *Eric*, being the plural of *adharc* (horn), the compensation being estimated in horned cattle or sheep. When the crime, or rather delinquency, was committed within the bounds of the clan, the branch or family to which the delinquent belonged was liable for the *Eric*; and if committed within the bounds of another clan, the whole of his clan were liable for the *Eric*. The *Eric* being paid, neither the delinquent, his family, nor his clan could be reproached for his delinquency, which was then held to have been fully compensated and atoned. This law must have worked admirably, as not only were the clansmen thus made personally interested in the preservation of virtue and order, but also in the prevention of crime, and the detection of the criminal.

The Druids constituted, in capital cases, the criminal court of

the Celtic clans, who held that life could not legally be taken away excepting by the sentence of the recognized servants of the Great Being by whom life was given. They were also constituted judges of the *casus belli*, as well as of individual criminals. Hence, in some measure, the great influence and power of the Druids. Persons guilty of deliberate murder, treachery, or other capital crimes, were therefore transferred to the Druid court, by which, if found guilty, they were sentenced to be deprived of life by bleeding, within the Druid circle of the district, on the first religious festival; when the people were expected to assemble in that frame of mind becoming the awful spectacle, and contemplation of a human being sacrificed on the altar of his God to the justice of his country. The scene was rendered the more impressive, from the imperfect view of what was going on, the spectator being divided from the scene by the screen of the Druid circle.

The Romans, whose own corrupt theology could not comprehend a religious ceremony without a sacrifice, represented the criminals executed within the Druid circles as innocent victims offered to the Deity. Such a statement, however, is equally unworthy of, and inconsistent with, the holy lives and enlightened theology of the Druids. At the same time, it is quite possible that the priesthoods, following, as well as those preceding Christianity, may really have imagined that the Druids were idolators, and that the criminals executed by phlebotomy, within their circles, at their solemn festivals, were innocent victims sacrificed to superstition; but, in despite of all such errors or wilful misrepresentations, no tradition to that effect has ever established itself in Scotland, where their memory is held in reverence to this day. I attribute, in no small degree, to the still remaining effects of the common-sense religion of the Druids on the national character of the people of Scotland, their hatred of intolerance and injustice. The piety, justice, and benevolence of the Druids are commemorated in many proverbs, which have

rooted themselves in the very structure of the language, as, for instance—

“ Ge fagus lia ri lar  
'S faigee co' air Choibhi.”

“ Close as a flag (stone) to the earth,  
Is rescue (or relief) from Coivi!”

The above word, which is the name of the arch-druid, is a compound of the vocables *co* (who) and *bi* (life), who or what is life? his studies being devoted to an inquiry into the principles and philosophy of life. This, as well as the different names of God, the soul, &c., bears witness to the sublime yet simple theology of the Druids. *Bi-ville*, abbreviated *Bel* or *Baal*, signifies the life of all being. It is a compound of the vocables *bi* (life) and *ville* (all), *ti-ha-vaah* (the Jehovah of other dialects), the Great Being that is and was. It is a compound of the vocables *ti* (a great being), *ha* (is), *bha* (pronounced *va*) (was). The names of the soul, *deo* and *anam*, are equally striking. *Deo* signifies the essence of light. Hence the *dia*, *dei*, *dis*, &c., of other dialects, and the *deo-greine* (sunbeam), *deo-gealaich* (moonbeam), of the Celtic. *Anam*, or more properly, *ionam*, is a compound of the vocables *ion* (independent) and *am* (time)—a being which is independent of or unaffected by time. Hence “'S ionan so a's sid dhomsa:” “this or that is the same to me.” Here then we have, in the names of God and the soul, such a description of them as bears witness to the simple and sublime theology of the Druids; and, as already mentioned, refutes all the misrepresentations of the priesthood. I may remark here, that in this lies one great superiority of the Gaelic or Celtic over the English and other dialects, viz., that the word is descriptive, instead of being merely the sign of the thing named. The philologist who philosophically looks into the structure of the Celtic language, can

scarcely fail coming to the conclusion that it was invented by some great philosopher, who studied "the sublime properties of matter, and the laws whereby nature is governed," with a discriminating and an enlightened eye. "The Druids," says Marcellinus, "being, according to Pythagoras, formed into societies or classes, devoted themselves wholly to the study of sacred things, and maintained that the souls of men are immortal." "I should call them fools," says Diodorus Siculus, in reference to their theology, "did not Pythagoras in his cloak believe as these (the Druids) do in their plaids."

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"'Twas insult if the weary passed thy door."

*Note 6, page 42, line 19.*

Among those distinguished for hospitality, in a country where hospitality was characteristic of the whole people, may be mentioned the Mac Donalds of Aberarder. When the Highlanders were compelled to curtail their household expenditure by the stern necessity of the times, the chieftain of this branch of the Keppoch family was called Raonul Mor. This gentleman possessed in his own person the generous, hospitable, and manly qualities which characterized the clan, together with the most ardent attachment to, and admiration of, their manners and customs, but he was married, fortunately for his family, to a prudent lady, who, although as kind and warm-hearted as her husband, was more worldly wise and considerate. In an amicable curtain lecture, she showed him the necessity of retrenching the household expenses, in proportion to the increase of the rent, by the change from the ancient calpa, in so clear and convincing a manner as to make him toss and tumble in bed for the rest of the night. Having repaired next morning, from sheer strength of habit, to a knowe which commanded a view of the road up the glen, and which, measuring from the last house of entertainment at

Fort-William, to the next at Kingussie, could not be less than forty miles, he saw a traveller approaching, and was just on the point of stepping forward to salute and conduct him to the house, when, recollecting the conversation of the previous night, he turned suddenly on his heel, ran into the house, and throwing himself heavily into a chair, sighed as if his heart would burst. His kind-hearted wife ran to his side in alarm, and anxiously inquired what was the matter. "I have seen," said Ronald, looking entreatingly into her face, "a long, lank, way-worn man, trailing himself languidly and wearily along the road, and, although certain that he never can reach Kingussie in life, unless some charitable Christian will come to his assistance, I turned on my heel and left him to his fate." "For God's sake run out and call him in," said the lovely wife, "we are not that far reduced yet but we can afford a passing meal to a starving man." Ronald sprang out of doors in an instant, and roared after the traveller in his stentorian voice: "Come in, man—come in! How dare you pass my house without coming in to refresh yourself?"

## C A N T O I V.

"And this is thy return—to goad thy clan  
To tolls beneath the dignity of man."

*Note 1, page 48, line 10.*

The first Highland clearances began on the estate of Glengarry. The more valuable lands in the country were laid out in sheep-farms and let to strangers, while allotments of barren and heathery moors were given to the people who were removed from these more fertile lands. As they received no leases, however, no sooner were their new tenements improved than they were transplanted to other barren heaths, to improve them also for future sheep-walks. Disgusted at being thus used like beasts of burden, and shifted from one barren spot to another, the clan yielded to their indignation, and determined to leave in a body the fair glens and straths bequeathed to them by their ancestors. Glengarry, whose pride was almost equal to his greed, was overwhelmed with consternation when he found that three hundred families—on whose employment as serfs he had calculated for the improvement of the estate, and on whose reputation for loyalty and bravery he was, at the same time, adroitly building for the advancement of his political influence with the Government—had arisen in a body, determined to leave a district which, under such a chieftain, became altogether unsuitable for men of their spirit and

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character. The Highlanders were not then, as now, reduced to poverty and destitution; the men of Glengarry were wealthy enough to purchase and furnish ships for their own transportation, and hence the different estimation in which they were held by their chiefs. Hence the furor created among the chiefs at the time, and the combination of Glengarry, Breadalbane, and Applecross, aided by the Highland Society, in a body, to move Government to prevent the emigration. Henry Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) was accordingly petitioned to use his influence with the Government to prevent Glengarry's "serfs" exercising a will contrary to that of their lord and master. When the clan heard that Glengarry had represented them as "serfs," nothing but the influence of their clansman and pastor, Bishop MacDonald, could have prevented bloodshed. At a more early period of clan history, had the most illustrious of his ancestors, even Allastair Dubh himself, offered them such an insult, the sanctity of Holyrood itself would not have sheltered him from their wrath.

The above event gave birth to a satirical poem by Burns, whose heart was not the less Highland from being born in Ayrshire.

—See ADDENDA.

It may be asked, what has been the result of Glengarry's usurpation and treacherous conduct to his clansmen? Being the first to adopt the system, we may, perhaps, judge of its fruits by his success. Well, it amounts to this. He has left as much of the Glengarry estate to his descendants, and no more, than at this moment covers the remains of his illustrious ancestors and himself, in the cemetery of Kileannan. But if Glengarry left neither the clan nor the estate of Glengarry to his heirs, he left a yet more precious legacy, in his daughters, to the poor and the distressed, whose piety and benevolence are sufficient to redeem the selfish folly or dereliction, not of an individual only, but of a whole race.

"Again the pibroch! 'Tis Glenorchy now."

*Note 2, page 52, line 1.*

The next great clearance took place from the estate of Glenorchy, than which there was not a more populous, a more happy, or a more thriving district in the Highlands, until a new lord succeeded, and introduced new laws and usages to the country. This gave occasion to the "Corri-gorm an 'fhasaich" of Duncan Macintyre, a touching lament, in which the bard eloquently describes the social virtues, happiness, and prosperity of the inhabitants until the Maor (baillif) made his appearance among them to make way for sheep. Macintyre had taken part with the opponents of Prince Charles, and was present at the battle of Falkirk, of which he gives a graphic and humorous description; but, like many others who fought on the same side, he lived to weep heart-wrung tears at the destruction and desolation which the success of the party to which he had attached himself had brought upon the brave and happy people, and the beautiful glens and mountains of his native land. His feelings on this subject are touchingly expressed in many of his poems, and especially in the above, and in "Cead-deirannach nam Beann;" or his "Last Farewell to the Mountains." An imitation of a few verses of this last poem will be found in the ADDENDA.

In consequence, says a gentleman who wrote on the subject upwards of thirty years ago, (and whose remarks I will substantially quote,) of the system of throwing so many small crofts into large sheep-farms, the Highlands have been so depopulated within the last seventy years, that the inhabitants do not amount to one-third of their number at the commencement of that period. An instance of this melancholy fact is very striking in Glenorchy. In 1745, the east half only of the strath, from Dalmallie to Strone, sent out a hundred men. At the present day there are not above thirty men within that space, counting every man as

fit for service. This proportion of decrease is general over the whole Highlands.

It is impossible to depict the first departings of a people, who hold the memory of their ancestors and the love of their soil a part of their soul. The lands having been laid waste, the people are unable to obtain either agricultural or pastoral employment in their own country. They are, therefore, obliged to abandon their native land, and seek an asylum in the unpeopled deserts of the Western world. The departing inhabitants of each strath and hamlet gathered into bands, and marched out of their glens with the piper playing before them the death lament—"Cha till, cha till, cha till mi tuille:" "Never, never, never shall I return." Upon the spot where they were to lose sight of their native place, and part from those who were to remain behind, they threw themselves on the ground in an agony of despair, embracing the earth, moistening the heather with their tears, and clinging with hopeless anguish to the necks and plaids of the friends whom they were to meet no more. When the hour of separation was past, they went forth upon the world a lonely, sad, expatriated race, rent from all which bound them to the earth, and lost among the tide of mankind—none to mix with them in character, none to blend with them in sympathy. They were thus left, in their ignorance and simplicity, to struggle for the means of sustaining life in the midst of the greedy, the grasping, and the fraudulent, a helpless, hopeless remnant of a peculiar people, cut off, in compliance with the dictates of usurping rapacity, from their country and their kindred. The appearance of the country, some years after it had been divested of its people, is thus described by the same writer:—

"The melancholy evidence of the desertion, which depopulated the Highlands, is to be seen in every district. Upon the narrow banks of lonely streams, amid the solitude of waste moors, in the bosoms of desolate glens, and on the eminences of hills, given over to the desert, are seen the half mouldering walls of ruined

clachans, and the mossy furrows of abandoned fields, which speak of the labours of a people, once numerous and rich, but now extinct, or lost to their country. In these touching traces of desolation, are seen the remains of eight or ten houses bereft of their roofs, and mouldering into promiscuous heaps. Upon one *farm* in the Strath of Glenorchy, there were, thirty years since, sixty-seven 'smokes'; at this day they are all extinguished excepting *four!*" "I was one evening passing up a solitary glen between Glenfinglass and Lochbhaile; the day was fast closing, and, wearied with hunting, and at a distance from the straths, I wished to discover some house where I might obtain some refreshment. As I turned the shoulder of the hill, I came upon a small level plain where four glens meet. In the midst stood two cottages, and I hastened forward in the hopes of obtaining a stoup of milk and a barley scone. As I drew near, I observed that no smoke issued from the chimney, that no cattle stood in the strath, nor was there any sign of the little green *kaleyard*, usually found in the vicinity of a Highland cottage. I was somewhat discouraged by the silence and desolation which reigned around; but, knowing the solitude and poverty of shepherds of the outward bounds, I was not surprised. At length, however, as I drew near, I saw the heath growing in the walls of the bothies, that the doors were removed, and the apertures of the windows had fallen into chasms. As I stopped and looked round, I saw a level space which had once been a field; it was yet green and smooth, and the grass-grown ridges of long-neglected furrows were perceptible, retiring beneath the encroaching heather. Familiarity with such scenes prevented surprise; but hunger and weariness have impressed this disappointment on my mind in an indelible manner. Reminded by hunger not to linger, I pursued my way towards Lochbhaile. As I turned into the north-west glen, I again discovered before me a small house by the side of the burn, and the compactness of its walls and the freshness of its grey roof, as the setting sun was glinting upon

its ridge, seemed to assure me that it was not deserted; but again I was deceived. When I came near, I found that, although it had not been so long uninhabited, it was forsaken like the rest; the small wooden windows were half closed; the door stood open, and moss had crept upon the sill; the roof was grown over with a thick and high crop of long withered grass; a few half-burnt peats lay in a corner of the hearth, and the smoke of its last fire was yet hanging on the walls. In the narrow sandy path near the door was a worn space, which yet seemed smoothed by the tread of little feet, and showed the half-deranged remains of children's playhouses, built with pebbles and fragments of broken china; the row of stepping-stones yet stood as they had been placed in the brook, but no footmark was upon them, and it was doubtless many a day since they had been crossed, save by the foxes of the hill."

The following translation of one of the verses of Allan *Dall*'s "*Oran nan Ciobairain*," is, perhaps, not unworthy of being quoted in reference to the above sketch:—

The cheerless hunter hangs his pensive head,  
No more the hills re-echo to his voice,  
To meet the stately stag, with mantle red;  
No more the fawn and bounding doe rejoice,  
No more is heard the deep-mouthed hollow voice  
Of hounds, whose speed by far outstrips the roe's;  
But in exchange for all our former joys,  
Foul, frowsy shepherds, whistling as they go,  
Are heard in every glen. O bitter sight of woe!

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"No human voice awakes the echoes here."

*Note 3, page 55, line 17.*

But the most memorable, if not also the most cruel and unjust of these clearances, are those which have been effected by persons of the names of Sellars and Loch, from the Sutherland estate. A man who had left his native district, then in his youth, and returned home on a visit to his friends after an absence of twenty years, informed me, that on approaching his native place, he was confounded by the sight of vast columns of smoke rising to the sky from every glen and recess among the hills; while cattle were seen racing and scattering, lowing and bellowing, all over the country, in terror and consternation. Alarmed and astonished, he thought that one of those feuds, "fomented by the accursed men of charters," of which he had heard so much from tradition, had occurred. "I had no doubt," he exclaimed in the excitement of the moment, "but I would find the whole people of the district convened on the hill of assembly, which commands an extensive view of the country, preparing for measures of defence or retaliation. A hill on which," he continued, "did the red cross of speed, typical of Scotland's indignation or danger, fly over the land, six hundred warriors, fit to fight the battle of a king, would have assembled in less than two hours, even so recently as the days of my father. I ascended the hill, but found it silent and solitary. No human being was there; but I could count from its summit two hundred cottages, the ancient homes of piety and virtue, and of humble contentment and happiness, burning and crumbling to the ground! while groups of men, women, and children were sitting on the knowes, or wandering around their former dwellings—their dwellings no more—in every attitude of anxiety or despair! Ochon! Ochon!"

But a calm, impartial, philosophic foreigner, who is not ignorant of these clearances on the spot, and

was every way well qualified to judge, both of the rights of the people and the superior, says on the subject of these cruel clearances. "The landlords of the Highlands," says Sismondi,\* "with the language and dress, began to adopt the usages and manner of thinking of the English. They no longer cared to understand the national contract of the Celts, and began to give their lands for rent. By this usurpation, the lords of the Gaelic lands, who, properly, had the right only to an unchangeable rent on the property of the clan, changed that right to an unlimited proprietorship! Before forming so barbarous a resolution, the lord must absolutely have ceased to participate in the opinions, the feelings, the point of honor of his countrymen. He must not only have ceased to believe himself their father or their brother, but even to feel himself a Scotchman; a base cupidity must have stifled in him the feeling of consanguinity on which their common ancestor reckoned, when they intrusted to his good faith the destiny of his people," and believed the inaugural oath in which he solemnly bound himself to maintain all their ancient rights and privileges inviolate. "It is so soon as such a change takes place in the interests, in the opinions, in the respective positions of the different members of the community, that legislation ought to interfere, so as the whole nation may not be delivered up to the mercy of a small number of greedy and imprudent men. The question is not to solicit the pity of the lords, but to establish the rights of the Gaelic people; it is to prevent in future a lord from concluding that man may be troublesome in human society; that there may be economy, progress, prosperity in cutting off man from his country, and converting it into a habitation of game and sheep. If the Marchioness of Stafford had a right to replace the people of a province by twenty families of foreigners, and some hundred thousand sheep, no time should be lost, as regards her and all others, in abolishing a right" at once perni-

\* "Political Economy, &c." London, 1847.

cious to the military strength of the country, and odious to humanity.

But had the Marchioness of Stafford such a right? I deny that she had. But the fact is, that the rights of the Gael, although they can be proved, both historically and traditionally, are known only to the Celtic antiquary. The people, indeed, know that their ancestors occupied the soil for time immemorial, paying a fixed calpa, or rent; but they have a general impression, that, when military service was done away with, they had been authoritatively deprived of their inherent right, the soil of their native districts. They have never been undeceived in this; and hence they have never formed the combinations necessary to raise funds and to put the question formally before the courts of law, which are to this day enforcing illegal clearances on *ex parte* statements, and in absence.

But Mr. Loch, the perpetrator of one of the most extensive, if not also the most cruel of these clearances, has put the question before the country in a shape which, I humbly think, entitles it to be taken up and brought before the Supreme Court by the Crown lawyer, whose duty it is to prevent individuals, no matter what their rank or pretensions, from illegally usurping such powers as may enable them to wrest their rights from, and expatriate her Majesty's loyal and faithful people. I will put the questions, enunciated by Mr. Loch, in a categorical form, using his own words, and then answer them in a manner which will, I think, place the subject in its proper light before an impartial public.

#### MR. LOCH'S QUESTIONS.

1.—Why in this case (meaning the Sutherland clearances) should a different rule be adopted from what has been followed in others?

2.—Why should the *absolute* authority of the proprietors over

their property be abandoned and sacrificed for the *public interest*, and from motives which concern the *public only*?

## ANSWERS.

1.—Because, if such a rule exists, it has arisen from false *ex parte* statements, and has been carried out by compulsion, and in absence. It is at variance with the well-known imprescriptible rights of the people, and the meaning and intent of charters.

2.—Because charters, in Scotland, have been granted for the purpose of putting the people under the authority of officers appointed by the Crown, instead of the chiefs and chieftains immemorially elected by themselves, in order to render their services more ready and effectual to their country in the time of war and danger—this change being, in all probability, considered necessary, in consequence of the increased power of aggression which the establishment of the feudal system in England had conferred on that country. To assume, therefore, that such charters entitle the grantees to expatriate the people, placed under their command for the service of their country, is perfectly absurd. But charters, in any view of the subject, cannot be regarded otherwise in Scotland than as political instruments, granted by the sovereigns for the service of the State. They are, therefore, necessarily violated when administered in opposition to the *public interest*, or interest of the State. So far from being *absolute*, in their authority over their estates, were the men of charters in Scotland, that the kings never hesitated to banish, or even to hang up to the nearest tree, such of them as presumed to put their own interest in opposition to the *public interest*, and to grant new charters to more trust-worthy servants. Many startling precedents, proving that such was the dependent instead of the absolute position of the proprietors during the existence of feudalism, in reference to their conduct to their people, may be very easily quoted for Mr. Loch's edification. That the granters of

charters have been succeeded by limited and constitutional sovereigns, who do not banish or hang the grantees by the neck, according to their will and pleasure, is surely no reason why these grantees should become absolute and unconstitutional proprietors of the soil, which had previously been the property of the people.

"It is already a great misfortune for a State," continues Sismondi, "to have allowed many small properties to be united in few hands. When one single man possesses a territory which would suffice for hundreds of families, his luxury takes the place of their comfort, and the revenues which would have nourished their virtues are dissipated by his follies.

"But what will become of a State, if the proprietor of a province imagines that his interest is in opposition to that of the inhabitants, and it suits him to replace men with cattle? It was not for this end that territorial property has been established (at least in unconquered countries), or that it is guaranteed by law. Nations acknowledged it in the persuasion that it would be useful to those who had nothing, as well as to those who had something; but society is shaken when the rights of property are put in opposition to the national rights. An earl has no more right to drive from their homes the inhabitants of his county, than a king has to drive out the inhabitants of his kingdom. The most despotic of monarchs, if he should make the attempt this day, would soon learn what it would cost him to go beyond the bounds of his authority." And can the earl, whose authority is derived from the monarch, do that which the monarch himself could not do? "Let the lords of England take care! The less numerous they are, the more dangerous it would be to them to put themselves above the nation, and to prefer themselves to her." They have been created by the State to organize and render the people efficient for her service. Let them not think, because *they* are no longer necessary for that purpose, that they can expatriate the people, and are not accountable to the nation.

"In May, 1845, eighteen families in Glencalvum," says Sismondi, "gave bond peacefully to leave on the 24th.

"These eighteen families, consisting of ninety-two individuals, supported themselves in comparative comfort, without a pauper among them; they owed no rent, and were ready to pay as much as any one would give for the land which they and their forefathers had occupied for centuries, but which, it seems, is now to be turned into sheep-walks.

"Behind the church, in the churchyard, a long kind of booth was erected, the roof formed of tarpaulines stretched over poles, the sides closed in with horse-cloths, rugs, blankets, and plaids.

"A fire was kindled in the churchyard, round which the poor children clustered. Two cradles, with infants in them, were placed close to the fire, and sheltered round by the dejected looking mothers. Contrasted with the gloomy dejection of the grown-up and the aged, was the melancholy picture of the poor children playing thoughtlessly round the fire. Of the eighty people who passed the night in the churchyard, with most insufficient shelter, twenty-three were children under ten years of age, nine persons were in bad health, ten above sixty years of age; twelve out of the eighteen families had been unable to find places of shelter. With the new poor law in prospect, cottages were everywhere refused to them. Each family had, on an average, about £18 to receive for their stock. This is sufficient evidence that they supported themselves respectably. It will soon be spent, however, and, in the search for places and employments in the south, it is a moral certainty that most of these unskilled men will be reduced to pauperism. This is the benefit the country derives from such proprietors and factors as have owned and managed this glen.

"The course pursued in Sutherland, in turning the whole country into a sheep-walk, is impolitic as regards the population, as evidenced by their condition; impolitic as regards the country, as evidenced by its stationary or rather retrograde appearance,

and by the unimproved rent-roll. What, then, is the condition of the people of the county of Caithness, where a totally different system is pursued? The great bulk of the country is let in small farms of from £15 to £50 a year of rental. Instead of the wretched bothies, crowded in clusters, and then some twenty miles without a cottage, which is the characteristic of Sutherland, and scarcely a man to be seen employed, throughout Caithness there is scarcely a bothy to be seen, but every five or six hundred yards there is a good stone cottage, often with a little garden to it, and evidence of comfort about it. The whole land is cultivated, and there is scarcely a field without men and horses in it labouring, and women weeding and stone-picking.

"In the sheep-farming and clearance county of Sutherland, the annual rental assessed to the property tax, in 1815, was £33,878; in 1842-3 it was £35,567, being an increase of about  $\frac{1}{6}$  in twenty-seven years. The population in Sutherland, in 1801, was 23,117; in 1841, 24,666, or an increase of about 1,500 in forty years. In Caithness, in 1815, the land rental was assessed to the property tax at £65,869, and the house rent at £10,500. The population, in 1801, was one-third less than that of Sutherland; in 1841 it was one-third more.

"'I see,' the *Spectator* writes, 'that the extensive sheep-farms and fishing villages support a larger population than was supported, in a chronic state of pauperism, under the tenant and tacksman system.'

"It is scarcely possible, in three lines, to collect a greater number of fallacies, to make more assertions directly contrary to the truth. The larger population, where is it? I rode over an extensive sheep-farm yesterday. It extends over twenty miles, is in the hands of one man, who employs twenty shepherds, one to the mile. The fishing villages, where are they? I have been all over the coast of this country, and I have not seen one fishing village. I have seen several collections of wretched huts on the coast, the male population of which migrate to the Lewis

and Wick, to herring fisheries carried on there, leaving their families to subsist on the credit of what they may earn. But not a 'fishing village,' where fishing is carried on as a regular trade and means of living, have I seen in one hundred miles of a sea-coast. In only two places have I seen a boat of any kind; the people are so wretchedly poor that they have no boats, much less a market or trade to 'support a larger population' than formerly, in 'greater comfort,' by their fishing. And 'their former chronic state of pauperism;' why, imagination cannot conceive how their situation could be worse, or a more universal chronic pauperism than what now exists. Three-fourths of the people, if not actually paupers on the roll, live by begging. They have nothing on earth to do that they can do. The bits of land they have will barely supply them with potatoes, and they have to migrate south, as day labourers, the greater part of the year, in order to earn the rent. It is impossible to conceive, generally, wretchedness more abject than this 'greater comfort.'

"The system of driving out the people has been here tried without compunction. The population has been destroyed, and there is a starving refuse left behind, without any means of employment; for, the country having been laid waste, or, which is the same thing, turned into sheep-walks, there is no employment for labourers. The peasantry have been thinned and thinned until they are almost isolated, and yet they starve. And who profits by this system? Not the landowners, certainly, for they are, most of them, over head and ears in debt. It is, however, manifest that the people and the nation lose by it."

Siamondi shows that the misery of the people is to be ascribed to the smallness of their holdings; "that the bits of land they have will barely supply them with potatoes;" and that, there being no employment for them in the district, "they have to migrate south, as day labourers, *the greater part of the year*, in order to *earn the rent*." The Relief Board, or managers of the fund subscribed in 1846-7, in their Reports also assure us, that

they had no applicants for relief among those who had holdings of the value of £12 a year. Nevertheless, the Highland lairds and their creatures ascribe the misery and expatriation of the people to their native and incorrigible indolence and want of energy. As if it were credible that a people, remarkable for their prudence, and also for their conduct in the field of battle, could be indolent and unenergetic *by nature!* I wish those who believe such assertions were only to see them in the field of battle. At Quatre Bras, the whole fighting devolved on two English and three Highland regiments. These five regiments, without cavalry or artillery, maintained their ground for a whole day, in defiance of the utmost efforts of the French army, led by "the bravest of the brave." Could these men be naturally of a helpless and unenergetic character?

For a touching and truthful narrative of the Sutherland clearances, see a pamphlet by one of their most honest and manly victims, Donald M'Leod, published at Edinburgh in 1841.

## CANTO V.

"A grateful people gathered in Glen Bran."

*Note 1, page 65, line 8.*

Although the clearances in Glenorchy are the more memorable that have been made from the estate of Breadalbane, because they have been commemorated, in an affecting manner, by the poet and the traveller, other parts of that estate have been laid desolate, and echoed to the voice of sorrow and lamentation from its expatriated children. In the days of John *Glas*, the first earl of Breadalbane, which is going back to no distant date, the crois-tarl, or cross of surpassing speed, assembled, in three hours, from either side of Loch Tay, eight hundred warriors, ready to take the field with their chieftain, every one of whom leaped over the double plaid held on edge to the ground, when fully armed and in marching order, that having been fixed upon as the test of fitness for the expedition. At this day the mouldering walls of the cottages of these warlike men may be found scattered over the country, and one, *at least*, of their cemeteries (which, although widowed by the hand of the innovator, who did not even respect their burial grounds) is still preserved, and tells the tale of a once numerous people; but if the present chieftain required twenty men to embark with him in any cause involving the risk of life, he would not find them in Breadalbane. A cool calculating writer has stated that the late Breadalbane had found no difficulty in raising fifteen hundred men on the estate for the

service of his country; but the same writer affirms that, at this day, one hundred and fifty men could not be raised on the same estate, even to prevent the conquest of their country by the invader. But the estate of Breadalbane is not singular in this respect. Every other estate in the Highlands has been equally robbed of the natural defenders of their queen and country, by persons whose charters originated in a new measure for increasing, not diminishing, the military strength and efficiency of the people for the service of their country. I unhesitatingly assert, that every Government that has winked at such a manifest violation of the meaning and intent of charters deserved to be impeached. Is the country really aware that every Highland regiment, which served throughout the whole campaigns in the Peninsula, expended five thousand men in that war, and that such has been the conduct of the lairds of that part of the country since, as to render it incapable of now keeping up one regiment at a similar expenditure of life? The question between the lairds and the country is very simple. The sovereigns granted charters, or, in other words, civil and military commissions to lairds, for the purpose of enabling them to discipline and command the people for the service of their country, when they constituted the military of the nation, and gave them a right to the rents, then paid by the people, to remunerate them for their services. But, by-and-by, the country found that it could be better served by a standing army, and, consequently, that it had no farther use for these military lairds. But it did not by any means follow that the country had no farther use for the people; since, without the people, it did not require and could not maintain an army. It would, therefore, have been quite reasonable to put the lairds on half-pay, or dismiss them altogether on giving them a reasonable consideration; but it was certainly anything but reasonable, not only to saddle permanently on the country a set of officials, who were no longer necessary to the public service, but also to allow them to denude and expatriate the people, who are as necessary

to their country as ever. Keeping the meaning and intent of feudal charters in view, and that Scotland had not been conquered, or the rights of her people thereby forfeited, the grantees of these feudal charters have no better right to expatriate the people, whom they were to organize and command for the service of their country, than the colonels of the different regiments in Her Majesty's service have to disband these regiments and retain their rank and pay.

The Earl of Breadalbane having been ambassador at Constantinople in 1745, Duncan Campbell of Margnaha, lineally descended from Duncan, Lord Ormally, who had been disinherited by his father, John *Glas*, to screen himself from his complicity in the affair of 1715, had determined to raise the clan and join Prince Charles. Although unable to accomplish his purpose, chiefly through the intrigues and activity of his celebrated clansman, Colonel Campbell of Mamore, by whom he was taken by surprise, at night, and lodged in the jail at Stirling, he was instrumental in inducing the neighbouring and kindred chieftain of Glenquoich, celebrated in the novel of Waverley as Mac Ivor Vic Ian Voir, to join the Prince with about three hundred men. This party was raised in the country around Lochfraoch, which is situated half-way between Crieff and Aberfeldy. The estate having, of course, been forfeited after the battle of Culloden, fell into the hands of the earls of Breadalbane, who, until their heads were turned by their love of sheep, seem to have treated the people, if not with kindness, at least without oppression. It is a cold sterile district. Nevertheless, the substantial *build* and respectable size of the ruined houses, which everywhere meet the eyes of the tourist; the extensive traces of agricultural enterprise and industry; the remains of two mills—one for lint and one for grain; and the reputation of the district for home-made plaidings and linens, all attest and bear evidence that the country of the Clan Ivor was a well-managed and a thriving district, until within a very recent period. The melancholy expatriation,

referred to in the poem, which was attended with the destruction of the whole of the expatriated people, excepting one or two, (and gave occasion for the most affecting scene that ever was witnessed in any church, when the news arrived in the glen,) only occurred a few years ago. At present the estate of Glenquoich, which furnished three hundred warriors for the service of Prince Charles, could not furnish twenty for that of our beloved sovereign! Great Britain is becoming the picture of a hunch-backed youth, whose body becomes the more shrivelled and emaciated in proportion to the unnatural growth of his legs and arms. Why is this? Because the public mind is not yet emancipated from its slavish subjection to the barbarous prestige of feudalism, and dares not believe that the kingdom belongs to the people, and not to a few thousand individuals of their number. Were the lands of the State properly managed, the internal would keep pace with the external strength of the kingdom; for the increase of the manufacturing population is not the increase of the military strength of the country, it being the rural, not the manufacturing population, that constitutes the *military* strength of a nation. This was well known to the granters of charters, who, by means of these charters, organized the rural population in the best conceivable manner to render them efficient for the military service of their country. But, by the most palpable violation of their meaning and intent, these charters are now being converted into instruments for annihilating the military strength, which they were meant and intended to conserve and increase.

I am among the last that would unsettle, and the first that would stand up in the defence of the rights of property, if illegally or unconstitutionally assailed; but I firmly maintain that the grantees of feudal charters are only the *superiors* and not the owners of the soil; and that, when they found on these charters as conferring on them a right to depopulate their country, they are deliberately and manifestly violating their meaning and intent, and evoking the interference of the Government, whose

paramount duty it is (now that the sovereign has ceased to be absolute, and to exercise absolute control over the men of charters) to see that the lands of the State are managed in accordance with the ancient rights of the people, (which have never been legally abrogated,) and the military strength and agricultural progress and prosperity of the nation. Had we not been immemorially trained to a slavish and irrational mode of thinking on this subject, the idea of allowing a few thousand individuals, appointed as officers over the people, in a violent and a barbarous state of society, not only to perpetuate their commissions, but even to expatriate the people, (whom they had been only appointed to command for the service of their country,) would appear too monstrous to be tolerated for a day.

I will conclude these notes by extracting from the manly and honest narrative of Donald M'Leod, an eye-witness, a description of one clearance made by the notorious Sellars, the Sutherland commissioner, for his own particular benefit, from a large portion of that estate, which he took over the heads of the people placed under his merciful management, by his mistress, the Countess of Sutherland.

"The houses (on the Sutherland estate) had been built, not as in the Lowlands, by the landlord, but by the people or their ancestors, and, consequently, were their property. They were timbered with bog-fir, which makes an excellent roofing, but is very inflammable.

"In former removals, the tenants had been allowed to carry away this timber, to erect houses on their new allotments, but now a more summary mode was adopted by setting fire to their houses! The able-bodied men were by this time away after their cattle, (at their new and distant tenements,) so that the immediate sufferers by the general house-burning that had commenced, were the aged and infirm, and the women and children. As the lands were now in the hands of the factor, (the benevolent servant of their hereditary and gracious proprietress,) and were

to be occupied by him as sheep-farms; and as the people offered no resistance, they expected, at least, some indulgence in the way of occupying their ancient houses, until they could gradually remove and build others, (and that they should, at least, be left the use of their barns, &c., until their growing crops should be removed from the ground.) Their consternation was, therefore, the greater, when, immediately after the May term, and about two months after they had received summonses of removal, a commencement was made to pull down and set fire to their houses over their heads!" He thinks that this system of burning out the people began with the English lords of conquered Ireland. Alas! No. It began with the English son and husband of a Highland lady, who, according to the Celtic laws of patriarchal Scotland, had no right or title to any part of the soil even in common with the clan. And the first attempt to alter that wise law, by Alexander II., in Galloway, produced much crime and misery in the district, but was signally defeated by the people. But to return to our narrative. "The old people, women, and children, began to try to preserve the timber for their new dwellings, which made the devastators only proceed with the greater celerity; and when they had tumbled down the houses they set fire to the wreck. So that timber, furniture, and every article that could not instantly be removed, was consumed by fire, or otherwise utterly destroyed.

"These proceedings were carried on with the greatest rapidity, as well as with the most reckless cruelty. The cries of the victims, the confusion, the despair, the horror painted on the countenances of the one party, and the exulting ferocity on the other, beggar description. In these scenes, Mr. Sellars was present, and, apparently, ordering and directing the whole. Many deaths ensued from alarm, fatigue, and cold; the people being instantly deprived of shelter, and left to the mercy of the elements. Some old men took to the woods and precipices, wandering about in a state approaching to, or of absolute insanity, and several of them

lived only a few days. Pregnant women were taken in premature labour, and several children did not long survive their sufferings. To these scenes I was an eye-witness, and I am ready to substantiate the truth of my statements, not only with my own oath, but by that of many others who were present at the time." It may well be admitted that the Duke of Sutherland cannot be charged personally with the revolting scenes so graphically described by the manly historian of these clearances. The estates of Sutherland, like almost every other estate in the Highlands, have fallen under a management which its proprietor, by some fatality in the whole system, seems powerless to alter. But his Grace can scarcely feel surprised although, under the circumstances, the poet and the historian regard the visit of Mrs. Stowe to Stafford House as a somewhat untoward event for both parties, for the most oppressed people in Europe are, at this day, the crofters and cotters of the Highlands, especially of Sutherland.

The above case was ultimately laid before the sheriff, who took a precognition, at the instance of the Countess, who had been petitioned by the sufferers. In consequence of the precognition having thus been instituted by the proprietress, the sheriff, unfortunately for the ends of justice, communicated the particulars to her sons, "*in confidence*." Hence her agents, who prepared the evidence for the officials who conducted the prosecution, were enabled so to manage the case as to secure his acquittal, which, indeed, was not difficult, considering that the jury consisted of the sheep-farmers, for whose interest these clearances were effected, and their friends. Indeed, Sellars and his partizans did not afterwards hesitate to boast that the object of the trial was merely to appease the popular clamour, not to procure a conviction; and these boastings assumed an appearance of truth when combined with his exultation at the removal and destruction of the sheriffs, who had so much more regard for justice than for their own interests as to take down and report the evidence without any gloss, or palliation. The following report, by the sheriff to Lord Stafford,

now Duke of Sutherland, shows what was the foundation of the apparently mock trial of Sellars.

"I have, *in confidence*, stated to Mr. Young (the colleague of Sellars) my fears upon this distressing subject, and I now take the liberty of also stating my sentiments to your lordship,  
IN CONFIDENCE.

"The crimes of which Mr. Sellars stands accused are:—

"1. Wilful fire-raising, by having set on fire and reduced to ashes a poor man's whole premises, including dwelling-house, barn, kiln, and sheep-cot, attended with most aggravating circumstances of cruelty, if not murder.

"2. Throwing down and demolishing a mill, also a capital crime.

"3. Setting fire to and burning the tenants' heath pasture before the legal term of removal, (whereby their cattle were starved, that being their staff of life in the spring of the year.)

"4. Throwing down and demolishing houses, whereby the lives of sundry aged and bed-ridden persons were endangered, if not actually lost.

"5. Throwing down and demolishing barns, kilns, sheep-cots, &c., to the great hurt and prejudice of the owners.

"6. Innumerable other lesser charges swell the list."

The sheriff's opinion of the case, after he had examined the witnesses and taken down the evidence on oath, is expressed in these words,—"I examined about forty evidences upon the allegations stated in the tenants' petition, and it is with the deepest regret I have to inform your lordship that a more numerous catalogue of crimes, perpetrated by an individual, has seldom disgraced any country or sullied the pages of a precognition in Scotland."

The trial of Mr. Sellars answered that gentleman's purpose admirably. It showed the extent of his influence, and convinced his victims that he was not only beyond the reach of their puny attempts to attain justice, but sufficiently powerful to crush even

the judges of his country should they dare to characterize his crimes in the language of truth and honesty. Convinced by the result of the above trial, his subsequent victims submitted silently to their fate. The following description of the attempts of the people to secure their crops, after the destruction of their houses, is from the same truthful and harrowing record of the Sutherland clearances.

"This year (1816, after the fall of Buonaparte) will be remembered for its severity by many in Scotland. The winter commenced by the snow falling in large quantities in the month of October, and continued, with increasing rigour, so that the difficulty (the harvest being late)—almost impossibility—of the people—without barns or shelter of any kind—securing their crops may be easily conceived. I have seen scores of these poor outcasts employed, for weeks together, with the snow from two to four feet deep, watching to prevent their corn from being devoured by the hungry sheep of the (foreign) tenants (now in possession of the lands). Horses being unavailable in the case, the poor people had to carry their crops on their backs across the country to their new allotments, without roads, on an average, to the distance of about twenty miles. During their labours and sufferings to secure a moiety of their crops, under these deplorable circumstances, the people had to subsist entirely on potatoes dug out of the snow, cooking them, as they could, in the open air, among the ruins of their once comfortable dwellings. While alternate frosts and thaws, snow-storms, and rains were succeeding one another, in all the severity of mid-winter, the people might be seen carrying on their labours and bearing their burdens of damp produce, under which many, especially females, were occasionally sinking in a fainting state." All this time the new tenants, the factors, and the lairds were carrying on a regular system of misrepresenting their characters, and denouncing their indolence, want of energy, and old-world ways in the newspapers of the Lowlands and of England, in the manner best calculated to anticipate and counteract the effect of any statements that

might be adduced to the public in their favour, when treatment, such as we have described, should do its work, and throw them, with all their accumulated miseries of mind and body, on the charity of the public, as an alternative against death by famine.

"The filling up of this feeble outline," continues the patriotic and indignant writer, "must be left to the imagination of the reader; but I may mention that, attendant on all previous and subsequent clearances, and especially this one, many severe diseases made their appearance, such as had been hitherto almost unknown among the Highland population, viz., typhus fever, consumption, and pulmonary complaints in all their varieties, bloody-flux, bowel complaints, eruptions, rheumatisms, piles, and maladies peculiar to females. So that the new and uncomfortable dwellings of this lately robust and comfortable peasantry, 'their country's pride,' (and among whom were raised several of the regiments that contributed not a little to the downfall of the hero whose ruin had, in the opinion of their rulers, rendered them no longer necessary to their country,) were now become family hospitals and lazars houses of the sick and the dying. Famine and utter destitution inevitably followed, till the misery of my once happy countrymen reached an alarming height, and began to attract attention as an almost national calamity."

Now the question here is, not merely as to the inhumanity of the Countess of Sutherland, for that can admit only of one opinion, but as to whether these proceedings involve a cruel and barbarous violation of the inherent rights of property of the people in the soil of their native districts, according to the national contract of the Celts, of which they have never been deprived by conquest, and which never has been legally abrogated in Scotland? I maintain that they do involve a cruel and barbarous violation of the rights of property, and that the Government which permitted their perpetration deserved to be impeached; and I respectfully appeal the question to the honest decision of an enlightened, and hitherto humane and patriotic nation.

## C A N T O VI.

"But time rolled on—an alien power arose,  
And Albyn's glens were thronged with secret foes;  
The hireling agents of a grasping crown  
Fomented strife, and struck our freedom down."

*Note 1, page 72, line 4.*

Macintosh, who alleged that he had got a grant of the lands of Lochaircaig from the Lord of the Isles, (who had as much right to make such a grant as the Cham of Tartary,) and that this alleged grant was confirmed by David II., in 1359, was the most determined and persevering of the seven claimants on the Lochiel estate. The Camerons and their chief being from home, he made a descent on Lochaber with his clan, and, on the pretext of rent and arrears of rent, carried away an immense booty. On the return home of Lochiel and his clan, they retaliated, and carried away at least an equal booty from the lands of the Macintoshes. It was on this occasion that the battle of Invernahavon was fought, when the feud between the Davidsons, or Clan-Dai, and the Macphersons, or Clan-Mhurich, arose, which led to the tournament on the Inch of Perth. Similar forays and skirmishes, arising from this unjust claim of Macintosh, continued to embroil these two generous and high-minded clans for several centuries, with various success. At length, James the Third, seeing that the Camerons were not to be reduced by force under the feudal yoke, contrived to entice their chief, Ewen Mac Aillein, to the court, and to prevail on him to accept a charter, and to become

a feudal vassal, without the knowledge or consent of the clan. This chief and James the Fourth became great friends, and fell together at Flodden.

After the death of Ewen, the clan elected one of his brothers as chief, and the other as tainister, in accordance with the custom of the clans, they being a step nearer in descent to the founder of the race than his son. The young man, initiated by his father in the secret and value of the surreptitious charter, rashly protested against the election of his uncles, and produced and founded on the charter, as conferring on him a right to be elected as chief. The clan, indignant at the duplicity of the father, and the contumacy of the son, had him immediately tried before the Brehon Court, and banished from the district. He found an asylum with Macdougal of Lorn, who received and treated him with a generosity and kindness which were treacherously recompensed by an intrigue with his daughter, who bore him an illegitimate son.

Macdougal, on discovering the seduction of his daughter, was roused to indignation, and confined Ewen in a castle in Lochawe, then under the command of his henchman. As the clan had not deprived him of his name, they continued liable for any *eric* which he might incur, by misconduct, while resident with Macdougal. Hence, indignant at Macdougal for taking the law in his own hand, instead of sending the delinquent to be adjudged by their Brehon Court, they sent a strong party, under the command of his foster-brother, to storm the castle, and relieve him. This party surprised and took the castle at night, while Ewen and the henchman were playing at chess together in the latter's room. The henchman, fearful of losing the prisoner, when he heard the tumult approaching his room, put out the light, and stabbed Ewen with his dirk, under the table. The young man, either from the excitement occasioned by the appearance of his clansmen, or the sharpness of the weapon, did not feel the wound at the time; but no sooner did he stretch himself to the ear

(which he was sternly commanded to do, by way of showing him that he was to be considered only as upon a footing of equality with the rest of the clan) than the blood began to flow, and he bled to death before the wound could be stanch'd. Many instances, similar to the above, of the inflexibility with which the clans punished every attempt at usurpation by their chiefs, could be mentioned. It may be observed, *en passant*, that, although Sir Ewen was involved in great trouble, and had to appear and plead repeatedly before the Privy Council against the various claimants of the lands of the Camerons, already mentioned, yet that he, even he, greatly and deservedly loved and confided in by his clan as he was, did not dare to produce or found on the above charter, (which would at once have put an end to those claims,) because it had been accepted without the knowledge and consent of the clan, by whom it was, accordingly, sternly repudiated.

The severe chastisement of the above youth,—a king-made chief—however, alarmed the men of charters, and the Cameron estates were now, again, gifted away to so many powerful chiefs, already converted to feudalism, as appeared to leave the devoted clan no chance, excepting in submission. The lord of Kintail got the estates of Lochshiel, Lochcarron, and Strome, from Sir Alexander Hay, the king's donatory. The lands of Laggan and Achadroma, Invergarry, Bailien, and others, were obtained by Glengarry; and Baron Lovat got their whole lands in Lochaber, excepting Lochaircaig, already claimed by Macintosh, and that of Lochiel, which had been purchased by Lochbuy. As the Macleans, however, refused to support Lochbuy in his unjust attempt on the rights of their neighbours, he was fain to back out by selling his title to Argyll.

“What will we do now?” said the Camerons to their chief. “Sharpen your swords,” was the laconic answer of the brave old man, who was found equal to the emergency. The Camerons bore themselves boldly, firmly, and successfully through their

imminent difficulty. Suffice it to say that such of their enemies as had the hardihood to invade Lochaber were attacked, defeated, and dispersed, one after another. Argyll, one of the chief conspirators, was now authorized to treat with Lochiel, and to offer to give up to him the charters of the whole other claimants, on the condition that he would take from him a charter of the whole lands of the clan, and hold under him. This the old chief sternly refused, repeating the answer of his own ancestor to Bruce, namely, "that he had sworn to his clan, on his father's sword, when they elected him as chief, to maintain all their former rights and privileges inviolate; and that, with that sword, he would do so, or die in the performance of his oath." Such were the chiefs of the Gael, while Gaelic laws prevailed in the Highlands; but since they have been converted into feudal lords and lairds, an inhuman greed seems to have dried up the fountains of honour and equity in their hearts, and to have made them repudiate the paternal clans and kindred feelings cherished by their patriotic ancestors.

The above attempt having failed, Macintosh, who was hereditary justiciary of Lochaber, determined to make another attempt, with his own resources. On the pretext of holding a court to try certain alleged criminals in Lochaber, he assembled all his friends and allies, in 1617, and entered the district in great force. Apprised of his latent design, the old chief assembled the clan, attacked, defeated, and chased himself and his clan and adherents out of the country, with great slaughter. This was the last act of the honest and faithful old chief, Aillein, whose memory is deservedly dear to his clan. He was succeeded by his grandson, Sir Ewen, who was required, after his election to the chiefship, to repudiate the acts of his grandfather, and give up the estate of Lochaircaig to Macintosh. This being sternly refused, "letters of fire and sword," says the author of the 'Life of Sir Ewen,' "were issued against the Camerons, in favour of Macintosh, who, at the same time, obtained a decree to put him in possession. He

accordingly summoned to his assistance the Marquis of Montrose, the Earls of Caithness, Murray, Athole, Errol, Marishal, Mar, Dundee, Airlie, Aboyne, and several other great men, to carry his decree into execution. At the same time letters of outlawry and intercommuning were issued against Sir Ewen and the whole clan; and all the men between the ages of sixteen and sixty, within the shires of Inverness, Ross, and Perth, were ordered to convene in arms, whenever they should be called on by Macintosh so to do, to put the law in execution against these rebels and outlaws! Here we find that nearly the one half of Scotland was armed against the Camerons," because they dared to maintain their ancient and constitutional rights and privileges against a usurping king and his organized band of blood-thirsty and rapacious feudalists. Such was the system, their stern resistance to which has induced feudal writers, totally ignorant of the ancient patriarchal constitution of their country, and the rights and privileges of the clans, to represent the Highlanders as the enemies, and the Lowlanders as the friends of law and order; thus clearly, but unintentionally, lauding the wrong, and condemning the right side of the question, between the patriarchal and feudal classes in Scotland.

I could mention many other clans, who had met with similar persecution, before consenting to the acceptance of feudal charters by their chiefs; but the following attempt by Argyll on the clan Maclean, will lengthen this note rather beyond its due bounds:—

"Argyll," says the author of the 'Life of Sir Ewen,' already quoted, (although no one knew better than he, that the chief had only a right to the fixed calpa or rent payable by the clan,) "got the lands of the Macleans adjudged to him by the lords of the privy council, on an *ex parte* statement, for a debt alleged to be due to him by the chief of the Macleans; but was prevented from taking possession by a league between themselves and their Cameron and Macdonald neighbours. Being hereditary justiciary of Argyll and the islands, he issued summonses to the chief and every

one of the clan, whose names he could ascertain, to appear before his Justice Court for a treasonable convocation in arms, making leagues, subscribing bonds, garrisoning houses, castles, &c. &c., for that end, to stand their trial, and to find landed gentlemen, in the *Loulands*, to be security for their appearance in *six days*. This was impossible, and the Macleans, at any rate, knowing that their interested enemy, Argyll, was to be their judge, as well as accuser, did not dare to obey; whereupon they were immediately declared rebels to his Majesty, outlawed, and a commission of fire and sword issued against them. They were then watched and intercepted, so as to prevent any of them from getting access to the Privy Council, which alone could redress them, and such of them as were thus got hold of (when on their way south with that purpose) were imprisoned and cruelly treated; and the whole tribe, having taxed their utmost means to support their Cameron and Macdonald allies, were cooped up in their islands, and hundreds of them starved for want of provisions. Their friends were now obliged to desert their cause, having no means of procuring supplies from their own districts; upon which Argyll invaded their country with a large body of men, and found no opposition excepting from the party in possession of Duart Castle. To this band of warriors he offered an indemnity if they would surrender, which, in their unfortunate circumstances, they considered it wise to accept. Being thus in possession of the country, he offered charters to the whole clan, on the condition that they would renounce their chief and become his vassals; but this they firmly and obstinately refused, exclaiming, “*'Bidh la eile ann'*.” “Another day will come.” Another day did come. Argyll was defeated in his flagitious attempt; but where was the advantage to the brave and faithful Macleans? They allowed the chief, whom they would not desert in his extremity, to take a charter; and they have been ejected and expatriated from the lands, rights, and privileges, bequeathed to them by a long line of warlike ancestors, by himself and his

descendants! Had they accepted charters from Argyll, they would have been at this day, like the Swiss peasantry, "living in the bosom of plenty and of virtues;" for these, born to similar rights, though in a less fertile country and a less temperate climate, live in peace, comfort, and happiness, because their country has not been cursed with English laws and Highland chiefs.

The history of the clan Cameron is valuable as affording a key to much that is obscure in Scottish history. A flood of light is brought to bear, for instance, upon the disturbances in the north, by the simple fact, that the lands of this people were gifted by the king, from time to time, to no less than seven different feudal lords, who, one after another, undertook to subject them to the feudal yoke previously to the days of Sir Ewen; but failed in every attempt at doing so down to his time. Sir Ewen at length accepted a charter at the advice of his cousin John, Earl of Breadalbane, and accommodated his dispute with the most tenacious of these feudal claimants, Macintosh. Had Sir Ewen foreseen the consequences of this acceptance, not only to his beloved clan, but even to his own descendants, it may well be believed that he would never have consented to change the tenure from the patriarchal to the feudal; for by that change the clan has been expatriated, and the chief reduced to a mere bubble, which floats, scarcely perceptible, on the surface of that "unreal mockery"—the fashionable world.

For a highly poetical effusion descriptive of Sir Ewen, see  
**ADDENDA.**

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"Immortal Malthus! much to you we owe;  
'Twas thine to measure Nature's powers below."

*Note 8, page 79, line 14.*

This great man among political economists came to the conclusion that God created man with the power of increasing his

species much faster than the earth could produce the means necessary for their sustenance, and, consequently, that unless man should be restrained from the indulgence of that passion, on the proper and natural indulgence of which the existence of the human race depends—or, in other words, unless mankind should be placed under human laws that would prevent their cultivating the high and holy affections on which the elevation and refinement of the human race depends—famine, with all the misery that follows in her train, must necessarily overtake them at no distant date. Before coming to this conclusion, Malthus must have come to another conclusion, more characteristic of ignorance and self-sufficiency than of learning and wisdom, namely, that he had attained a knowledge of all the secrets and the utmost productive powers of nature, and was himself more wise and benevolent than God.

Others, however, who may not be so far read in these matters, fancy that they see in the creation of God the most wise and benevolent design, and also the most happy and wonderful adaptation of the means to the end apparent in that design. Nay, they see that man is himself placed in such a position in the scale of being as to render him the agent or medium whereby the productions of the earth may be increased or limited. He has it thus, in a great measure, in his own power to provide all that is necessary for the sustenance—nay enjoyment—of every living creature within his influence, beast as well as man. They also fancy they see that, although man is only in the infancy of that knowledge of the secrets of nature, on the complete mastery of which depends his capacity to discover and realize the treasures with which the world has been sown by the hand of the Omnipotent, with all that is necessary for the sustenance of the countless beings he has created, yet that He has evidently not only inspired him with an irresistible desire to prosecute such discovery as his highest and holiest mission, but also eminently endowed him with faculties, by the due cultivation and employment of

which he cannot fail gradually to develope the means of increasing the productive powers of the earth, in proportion to the increase of the human family, until His purposes in the creation of both shall have been accomplished and fulfilled.

Bossingault has demonstrated that every person, by the economization of that part of his aliment which his system rejects, may restore to the earth as much of the food of grains and plants as is required to produce all that he consumes. What will the Malthusians say to this wise and wonderful adaptation ? Here we see that, even in our present state of ignorance, we have discovered that the more numerous the animals, the greater will be the quantity of food for grains and plants, and *vice versa*. The increase of farm produce in this country, even since Malthus' book was written, would have appeared incredible in his day to a more wise and philosophic writer, notwithstanding the inadequate means and great timidity of the majority of farmers; and we cannot but see that they have received a fillip from modern legislation and discoveries, which even their sluggishness and prejudices cannot resist. Were the soil of this country deepened, drained, and fertilized by an enlightened system of farming, to the depth of three feet, so that the rain would be totally swallowed up by the ground as fast as it can descend, and evaporation altogether prevented, the wetness of our country would be the wealth of the farmers, and the climate would be so changed as to render every rood of land in the country, up to the base, not of our mountains, but even of our mountain peaks, a profitable subject for husbandry. The produce of the country would then be increased beyond belief; for even the ordinary crops of the country can feed at that depth in a well-cultivated soil, which proves that such depth is required to grow them in perfection; for we cannot reasonably expect that a crop that would feed at three feet will be matured with a depth of five or six inches.

"Bards of the hills, whose lonely cairns arise,  
Among the scenes once lovely in your eyes."

*Note 4, page 80, line 2.*

"The province of the bards," says Dr. Smith, quoting a host of authorities, in his valuable work on Gaelic antiquities, "was to celebrate the praises of heroes, and to immortalize their names in song;" but he might have added, that this renders their poetry historically valuable, being almost all that remains to the Highlands of reliable ancient history, as tradition, although we cannot doubt the truth of what it preserves, is not to be depended on as to the age or place where, or the parties by whom, the events it records took place. The strict morality of the Druids (of whom the bards were the second grade) required historical poems to be, not only founded in fact, but strictly consistent with the characters of the heroes whose achievements they celebrate. Hence the value placed on these historical poems, and the estimation in which the bards were held by all the great and the good of succeeding ages; for, "by repeating their praises of high and chivalrous actions," continues the Doctor, "at their numerous entertainments, and setting them off with all the charms of vocal and instrumental music, they excited in the minds of their hearers a love of virtue, a thirst for glory, and an enthusiasm for fame, of which we can now scarcely form any conception. They also accompanied the warriors to the field of battle, that they might animate them during the action with such songs as were calculated to rouse their spirits and fire them with intrepidity."



## A D D E N D A.

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IAIN LOM distinctly charges the Highland chiefs opposed to their native kings with having embraced revolutionary principles, for no other purpose than to reduce their clans to serfage, by the introduction of English laws and English tenures into the Highlands. One verse of his on this subject is significant.

“ Tha Alb’ ga cuir fo chis-chain,  
Le ur-reachd Cuigse gun fhirin,  
'N aite chalpa dhirich—  
Se cuid de 'm dhiobhail ghoirt !”

### TRANSLATION.

Albyn is being placed under Cain rents,  
By the new laws of the truthless Whigs,  
Instead of the just calpa—  
This (constitutes) part of my painful regrets !

Until the king of Scotland succeeded to the throne of England, and had a standing army at his back, these laws, equally foreign to the constitutional rights and vital interests of the people of Scotland, had little interest or effect beyond a stone-cast from the courts erected for their administration. The clans, indeed, as already stated, maintained the laws, rights, and elective privilege bequeathed to them by a long line of warlike and patriotic ancestors, until after the battle of Culloden, the feudal superiors,

as well as the chiefs, being restricted to the fixed rent, payable by the people of their respective estates at the date of their respective charters. This has also been the case with the peasantry of feudal estates over the whole continent of Europe. It is only under the laws of England that it is otherwise.

"But the English lawyers," says Sismondi, "have constantly assimilated all political rights to properties, and have defended them under this title. They wished to recognise a property in the political rights of the lords, as they pretended to see one in the exclusive right of certain burgesses to elect members of parliament, or municipal magistrates; as they pretended to see one in the claims of the church to its dignities and revenues, forgetting, when functions are instituted for the good of the people, that to the people belong the funds whereby they are remunerated. English lawyers have scarcely been willing to admit that the community, when it makes progress, has acquired a right to suppress powers which are burdensome to it, and no longer necessary; at least they wished, if the functions are suppressed, that the remuneration attached to them should remain.

"Switzerland, which in so many points resembles Scotland—in her lakes and her mountains—in her climate, which so often prostrates the hopes of the labourer—in the character, usages, and habits of her children—was at this period (the ninth century) divided among a small number of lords. If the Counts of Kyburg, of Leutzburg, of Hapsburg, and Gruyers, had been protected by English laws, they would have been now in the same position precisely in which the Earls of Sutherland were twenty (thirty) years ago. Some of them, perhaps, might have had the same taste for improvements, and many republics would have been driven from the Alps to make room for sheep. But whatever might have been, in its origin, the right of the Counts, the legislation of the whole of Continental Europe has not ceased guaranteeing and ameliorating the condition of the feudatories, of the vassals, strengthening the independence of the peasant,

covering him with the buckler of prescription, changing his customs into rights, sheltering him from the exactions of his lord, and by degrees raising his tenures to the rank of properties. The law has given to the Swiss peasant the guarantee of perpetuity; while to the Scotch lord (instead of the Scotch peasant) it has given this same guarantee in the British empire, and left the peasant in a precarious condition. Compare the two countries, and judge of the two systems." Thus, the inherent has been subjected to the conventional right in Britain, while on the Continent the conventional is compelled to respect the inherent right. But the fact is, that in no country in Europe, excepting Britain, did the atrocious spirit of feudalism possess itself of the entire functions of the law of the land; and this is easily to be accounted for by a careful consideration of the character of the conqueror of England and his accomplices and imitators. "The peculiar circumstances," says Bosworth, "attending the usurpation of William the First, undoubtedly offered him the opportunity of establishing the feudal system in this country, with the utmost rigour and severity that degrading vassalage is capable of admitting. To gratify and reward his mercenary followers and friends, he distributed among them the lands, the lordships, the bishoprics, the monasteries, and churches of the vanquished inhabitants, whom he dispossessed by right of conquest, that is, the will of the conqueror, of all the ancient domains, as well as of all civil and religious appointments and places of trust; so that for a century or two a few Norman bishops or barons, enjoying the exclusive favour of the reigning monarch, and sometimes teaching him to tremble on his throne, ruled the whole nation with a rod of iron, and presided over the lives and liberties of millions." But Bosworth neglects to state, that the great council of the nation had passed an enactment, empowering the conqueror to place all the lands in his dominions under military tenures. He was the fountain of honour, and the sole source of laws and jurisdictions, in right of conquest, and he also was

made the absolute proprietor of the soil by a legislative enactment. Feudal charters therefore in England and Ireland, and in Scotland, stand on two separate and distinct foundations, that is, if we believe, with some feudal historians, that Ireland has been conquered by England.

Sismondi, in his graphic and feeling description of the Sutherland clearances, places their disastrous effects in a striking light. "We cannot help remarking," he says, "how this way of pressing on the march of civilization resembles what Mehemet Ali employed in Egypt; and he also was celebrated as the restorer of commerce and arts; he also mingled in his own person the rights of sovereignty with those of property; he also judged of the prosperity of the State, not by the security and abundance which its inhabitants enjoyed, but by the activity of traffic, the value of exports, the profits of rents; he also laid down roads, opened canals, raised bridges and dykes. He covered Egypt with works of art; he attracted there learned men, engineers, operatives; he also, wishing perhaps to do good, had especially in view the increase of his own revenue. In his calculation, the lives of men appeared only as cyphers; in his accounts, he put them on the same line with bales of cotton, as the Marchioness of Sutherland does with bales of wool. He calculated; but the affections, the recollections, the hopes of the unhappy people he disposed of, are not elements subject to calculation."

The state of the people of Europe, previously to the invasion of the Goths, &c., and the establishment of feudalism, is beautifully illustrated, as follows, by the same noble author:—

"While ancient Europe was divided among small free agricultural nations, their prosperity was increasing with wonderful rapidity; cultivation extended from the plains even to the summits of the mountains; all the means for increasing the fertility of the land were successively discovered; all the productions of the soil which could satisfy the taste of man, were, by turns, called into existence; that Campagna of Rome, now so desert,

made wholesome by the breath of man, was covered with so close a population, that five acres were supposed to be amply sufficient to support a family; in spite of frequent wars, this family increased continually; as a hive of bees gives out a swarm every year, so it was necessary for every city, after the development of one generation, to send out a colony; and this colony, recommencing social progress after the same principles, with peasant proprietors, and expecting everything from agriculture, rapidly advanced towards the same prosperity. It was then that the human race spread itself over the face of the earth, and that, in reciprocal independence, in the bosom of abundance and virtues, those nations grew up, whose fate it was, at a later period, to become the sport of politics and war."

Were the great progress made by agriculture in Scotland, previously to the introduction of the feudal system, which produced a desultory civil war of some seven centuries duration, illustrated by its remaining traces on the wolds and shellings of the Highlands, how strong a corroboration would have been given to the above statement. To do this were a work of no ordinary interest and magnitude; but I may briefly point out traces of that progress, which have fallen accidentally under my observation, than which nothing can more conclusively show the agricultural enterprise and progress of the ancient Caledonians. On the very summit of the mountain between Glenstockdale and Glencreran, in the parish of Appin, will be found, not only traces of cultivation, but also a mill-race and mill-stance, whose very site is unknown to the people of the locality. Both their name and the date of their existence is unknown, and he would be considered mad that would think of attempting to produce and manufacture grain this day at such an elevation. On the river of Lara, between Fersat and Lochtreig, in the parish of Kilmanivaig, similar traces of a mill-race, mill-stance, and traces of cultivation can be discovered in a district, also long abandoned to the desert, by the so-called modern civilization introduced by

feudalism into Scotland. The date of this last mill is, however, shown by a Gaelic poem, 'The Hunter and the Owl,' written some three hundred years ago. I may also assure the Highland tourist, that if he wishes to illustrate this subject, by examining the traces of ancient cultivation in the Highlands, the field is ample, and he will return from his tour perfectly satisfied that the enterprise, if not the science of the agriculturist, has greatly declined within the last eight hundred years. The Lowlands, being the battle-field of Scotland for ages, was not so well cultivated as the secure straths and glens of the Highlands, until after the Revolution settlement. Since that period, the Highlands and Lowlands have changed places in agricultural enterprise. This may stagger the feudalist, but will stand the test of such an impartial enquiry, as would dissipate many erroneous impressions as to the conduct and character of the Highlanders. But let us follow Sismondi in his description of those States where feudal charters have been restricted to their meaning and intent, as juridical and military commissions.

"Wherever are found peasant proprietors, are also found that ease, that security, that independence, that confidence in the future, which assure, at the same time, happiness and virtue." "It is Switzerland particularly that must be gone over, that must be studied, to judge of the happiness of peasant proprietors. Switzerland must be known to be convinced that agriculture, practised by those who gather the fruits of it, suffices to procure great comfort to a very numerous population; great independence of character, the fruit of an independent situation; great exchange of what is consumed, the consequence of the well-being of all the inhabitants, even in a country where the climate is rude, the soil moderately fertile, and where early frosts and uncertain seasons often destroy the hopes of the labourer. Whether we pass through the cheerful Emnethal, or bury ourselves in the most distant valley in the canton of Berne, we cannot see without admiration, without being affected, those wooden houses of the

least peasant, so vast, so well closed, so well constructed, so covered with carvings. In the interior, every detached chamber of the numerous family opens into large corridors; each room has only one bed, and it is well provided with curtains and with coverings of the whitest linen; furniture, carefully kept, surrounds it; the closets are full of linen; the dairy is large, well ventilated and exquisitely neat; under the same roof are found provisions of corn, of salted meat, of cheese, and of wool; in the stables are seen the most beautiful cattle in Europe, and the best attended to; the garden is planted with flowers; the men as well as the women are warmly and comfortably clad—the last preserve with pride their ancient costume, and bear in their countenances the marks of vigour and health; they are striking from their beauty of feature, which becomes the character of a race when, for many generations, it has suffered neither from vice nor from want. Let other nations boast of their opulence, Switzerland may always, with pride, put her peasantry in the opposite scale."

The above is a pleasing picture, and shows us what would have been the precise condition of the people of Scotland and Ireland, at this day, had the meaning and intent of charters been adhered to. But no. The best and bravest of the people—indeed all of them who had a sense of justice, and sufficient bravery and patriotism to resist usurpation and oppression—have been expended in the late war, or expatriated since then, and the "broken clans" that remain, denuded, divided, and oppressed, have sunk into an almost hopeless poverty, and are fast degenerating into brutal ignorance. Let us only compare the following picture, drawn by an able and a truthful pen, to the picture of the Swiss already quoted, and then ask ourselves this question, What has that government to answer for that has allowed the clans to be so dealt with, and which has itself driven the best and bravest of the people of Ireland (for I maintain that they are the best and bravest of every people who resist injustice, even to rashness) to an extremity like the following?

"In the plantation of Ulster, and, afterwards, in the successes of the British against the rebels of 1641 and 1689, great multitudes of the Irish were driven from Armagh and the south of Down into the mountainous tracts extending from the barony of Fews eastward to the sea. On the other side of the kingdom the same race were expelled into Leitrim and Mayo. There they have been almost ever since, exposed to the worst effects of hunger and ignorance, the great brutalizers of the human form and character. The descendants of these exiles are still readily distinguished from their kindred in Meath, where they are not in a state of physical degradation, being remarkable for open and projecting mouths, with prominent teeth and exposed gums, advanced cheek-bones, and depressed noses, having barbarism on their very fronts. In Sligo and northern Mayo the consequences of two centuries of degradation and hardships exhibit themselves in the whole physical condition of the people. Five feet two inches, on an average, pot-bellied, bow-legged, abortively-featured, those spectres of a people that were once well-grown, able-bodied, and comely, stalk abroad in the daylight of civilization, the anatomical apparitions of Irish ugliness and want."

But let us turn to our own Highlands, and see if we have escaped the effects of similar treatment. An eye-witness to the recent destitution of the Highlanders, after tracing their reduced state to the deprivation of their inherent right in the soil of their native districts, refers more immediately to the maladministration of the munificent fund subscribed to relieve the people. "No thought can fully conceive, no tongue can adequately tell, the mischievous results of so unfeeling a system as this." "The gaunt forms of the careworn elders of the family stood out in painful sharpness of outline; but the checked growth and feeble step of the half-fed children touched us still more sensibly, for we behold in these sad years of grievous destitution the germ of stunted generations—men unfit for toil, and women sunk below the weakness of their sex."

Let us consider for a moment the effect which this state of matters must have on the military strength of the nation. It is a fact well proved by military statistics that the rural population of the Lowlands of Scotland and England did not furnish their due quota of the men who protected the property and maintained the independence of the country during the last war, and although this cannot be said of the manufacturing towns and cities of either kingdom, it is well known that the recruits they supplied were not to be compared to those of the rural districts in nationality, conduct, discipline, or endurance.

The people of England and the south of Scotland have had no overwhelming or exciting experience of any such injustice or misery as are being produced among the Highlanders and the Irish, by the introduction of foreign laws and usages into their country. This is, in some measure, to be ascribed to the hostility which had been created and studiously fostered between the people of the patriarchal and feudal districts of the country, by their feudal lords and priests, and which modern writers have rather confirmed than destroyed. Surely it will be admitted that a high development of all that is admirable in our nature is perfectly compatible with either system. If so, what an unnatural state of society must have been produced by the feudal system forcing itself upon the patriarchal, after the practice of many ages had enabled its followers to attain a high position as a moral and intellectual people? It appears to me beyond all doubt that the patriarchal government, laws, religion, poetry, and music of the Celtic nations produced a state of society admirably conducive to the prosperity and happiness of the people, and that the insane attempts to force the spirit of a new system altogether odious to the matured condition of an ancient race, upon the Gael, has already proved so disastrous in its results that our common humanity protests against its continuance. Although I willingly admit that the great wealth placed at the disposal of the feudal nobility and priesthood, by creating a taste for luxuries and mag-

nificence, and rewarding munificently the ingenuity and enterprise by which it was gratified, may have stimulated, if it did not even originate, the manufacturing and mercantile greatness of our country—I much question whether the wealth and splendour of the few are more consistent with civilization, philosophically speaking, than the competence and happiness of the millions; and I am satisfied that the former was not more the characteristic of the feudal, than the latter of the patriarchal system. Indeed I am of opinion that any wise and feeling tourist, who compares the green mounds, on straths and sheilings, which indicate the sites of the peaceful clachans, where lived and died the chiefs and clans of ancient times, to the wolfish peels which formed the dwellings, the strongholds, and the dungeons of the feudal nobility, with their brigand bands of vassals and villeyns, will feel the picture involuntarily reversed in his heart. But who will interpret the language of those green and solemn mounds, where dwell the recollections of a numerous and happy, but now entombed people, to the generous men of the Lowlands and England, in language that may find a willing response in hearts, that have been so long estranged from sympathy with the oppressed by writers who find it more easy, if not more profitable, to defame the sufferers than to expose the lordly oppressors? Nevertheless, I foresee the advent of an age, (God grant that it may not be an age that would gladly recall the expatriated Celtic race to restore the lost independence of their country,) when they will be done justice to by the poets and historians of both kingdoms—when sympathy and regret will be felt and expressed for the wrongs and sufferings of a people, who, after resisting gigantic armies in the field, pass helplessly away before judges and legal practitioners, in new and unnatural courts; and who, while allowed to live in peace under their own ancient government and laws, were equally distinguished for their patriotism and loyalty, their honesty and bravery, their courtesy and hospitality.

COLONEL JOHN ROY STUART  
ON THE TREACHERY AT CULLODEN.

(PARAPHRASED.)

FIVE stainless ensigns with their warriors high,  
Who ne'er from battle lost were known to fly,  
Were absent when the Gael, starved, outworn, cold,  
Were led by traitors to a battle sold.  
The Earl of Cromarty, with his brave race—  
Clanranald, that was wont the van to grace—  
Young Bar'dale, who the men of Knoydart led—  
Clan Gregor, who from danger never fled—  
Clan Pherson, with their loyal, high-souled chief—  
All these were absent to our loss and grief.

But let the truth—the damning truth be told—  
It was not valour, it was English gold  
That gained the day. Our general, once so brave,  
Had turned his cloak and sunk base lucre's slave;  
But had the skies not frowned upon our bands,  
Nor blinding sleet engulfed our flashing brands,  
E'en yet our kindling hearts had fought it out,  
And put the favored traitors to the rout.

Who could believe, whose eyes had not beheld  
The hideous carnage that disgraced that field,  
That warlike men, who had in battle stood,  
Could see the wounded slaughtered in cold blood?  
Or, though a butcher, "his right arm should bare,"  
Stab in the dark, and make their torches glare  
In vengeance against women and old men,  
Whose "days had numbered three score years and ten?"

Alas! my country, and is this the race  
To whom our native sov'reigns must give place ;  
That in a reign of twice a thousand years,  
Ne'er curled the lip at women's heart-wrung tears,  
Nor stood exultant on a battle plain,  
Where wounded heroes in cold blood were slain !

Oh ! ever may'st thou live unblest and sear,  
Thy hall be childless and thy hearth be bare ;  
Nor woman's love, nor minstrel's tuneful voice,  
Nor harp, nor viol bid thy heart rejoice !—

But why thus ban ? He has himself this day  
Doomed his own heart to darkness and dismay ;  
For never more will feelings, proud and high,  
Mantle his cheek, nor kindle in his eye ;  
And never, never henceforth will he stand  
Among the fair and noble of the land,  
Without that conscious feeling of disgrace,  
That clings to ruffians cruel, mean, and base.

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#### ADDRESS TO SIR EWEN CAMERON OF LOCHEIL.

(Translated probably about one hundred and fifty years ago, and published in the 'Life of Sir Ewen.')

To Abrian braes I wing my willing flight,  
To scan with wondering eyes the matchless knight,  
The generous chief who the brave clan commands,  
And waves his stainless banner o'er the lands ;  
The hero to whom all that's great belongs,  
The glorious theme of our sublimest songs,

Whose manly sport the savage\* is to trace,  
Inured to toil and hardened in the chase.

Strong as an eagle, with resistless blows  
He falls impetuous on his fiercest foes ;  
His fiercest foes beneath his arm must die,  
Or quick as game before the falcon fly ;  
Keen to attack, the approach of danger fires,  
A mightier foe still mightier force inspires ;  
His courage swells the more that dangers grow,  
And still the hero rises with the foe.

Oft have I heard, young chief, thy actions told,  
Thy person praised, thy generous deeds extolled ;  
Now to mine eyes those graces stand confessed  
With which kind Fame my ravished ears possessed ;  
See his fresh looks with manly beauty glow,  
His brawn and air his strength and vigour show ;  
In just proportion every feature shines,  
And goodness softens the majestic lines.

What stalwart bands thy loved command obey,  
In shining helm and waving tartans gay ;  
Brave champions all, whose brawny arms can wield  
Th' offensive broadsword and defensive shield.  
How many foemen have their victims been ?  
How many widows mourn their edge too keen ?

Immortal chief, with early triumphs crowned,  
Thy conduct guides thy clan to deeds renowned ;  
Their guns are good, their bows well-backed and long,  
Their arrows, polished, pointed, straight, and strong ;  
Deadly the swords, and vigorous are the hands  
Of thy well-bodied, fierce, and numerous bands ;  
Bands whose resistless fury scours the field,  
Greedy of war, and never known to yield !

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\* Alluding to his attachment to wolf-hunting.

Hence thy brave Camerons—for that name they bear—  
 As masters rule and lord it everywhere;  
 E'en of such power might sceptred monarchs boast,  
 Happy when guarded by so brave a host—  
 A host whose equal no one chief can tell,  
 In arms, in strength, in conduct, or in zeal.

We need hardly apologize to the reader for inserting one of Burns' earliest satires, which, although little known, bears so intimate a relationship to our subject, that "faith we'll prent it."

BEELZEBUB'S ADDRESS TO LORD BREADALBANE,

ON HIS COMBINING WITH M'KENZIE OF APPLECROSS TO INDUCE GOVERNMENT  
 TO PREVENT THE EMIGRATION FROM GLENMARRY, THE CLAN NOT HAVING  
 BEEN, AS YET, STRIPPED OF THEIR ALL BY BACK-RENTS.

LANG life, my lord, and health be yours,  
 Unscaithed by hungered Hieland boors;  
 Guid grant nae duddie, desperate beggar,  
 Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,  
 May twin auld Scotland o' a life  
 She lo'es, as lambkins lo'e a knife!  
 Faith, you and Applecross were right  
 To keep the Hieland hounds in sight;  
 I doubt na they wad bid nae better  
 Than—let them ance out owre the water,  
 An' up amang tha' lakes an' seas—  
 To mak' what rules an' laws they please.  
 Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,  
 May set their Hieland bluid a ranklin';

Some Washington again may head them,  
Or some Montgomerie, fearless, lead them,  
Till guid kens what might be affected  
When by sic heads and hearts directed;  
Poor dunghill cocks o' mud and mire  
Might to patrician rights aspire!  
Nae sage North noo, nor sager Sackville,  
To watch and premier ower the pack vyle;  
And whaur wad ye get Howes or Clintons  
To bring them to a right repentance,  
To cewe the rebel generation,  
And save the honour o' the nation?  
They and be d——! what right hae they  
To meat, or sleep, or light o' day?  
Far less to riches, power, or freedom,  
But what your lordship likes to gie them.

But hear, my lord, Glengarry hear,  
Your han's ower light on them I fear;  
Your factors, greives, trustees, and baillies,  
I canna say but they do gaylies—  
They lay aside a' tender mercies,  
An' tirl the hailians to the birsse;  
Yet, while they're only poind't and harriet,  
They'll keep their stubborn Hielan' spirit;  
But smash them, crush them a' to spails,  
And rot the dyvors in the jails;  
The young dogs, swinge them to the labour,  
Let wark an' hunger mak' them sober;  
The hizzies, if they're oughtlens fawsont,  
Let them in Drury-Lane be lessoned;  
And if the wives an' dirty brats  
E'en thigge at your doors and yetts,  
Flaffan wi' duds, and grey wi' beas',  
Fright'ning' awa yer deuks and geese,

Get out a horse-whip or a jowler—  
 The longest thong, the fiercest growler—  
 And gar the tattered limmers pack,  
 Wi' a' their brats upo' their back.  
 Go on, my lord ! I lang to meet ye,  
 And in my house at hame to greet ye ;  
 Wi' common lords you shanna mingle ;  
 The beestest neuk beside the ingle,  
 At my right han', assigned your seat is,  
 'Tween Herodahip and Polycrates ;  
 Or, if you on your station tarrow,  
 Between Almagro and Pizarro ;  
 A seat I'm sure yer weel deservin',  
 And, till you come, your humble servant,

BEELZEBUB.

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The late Earl of Eglinton, who had seen service in America, was exceedingly attached to the Glengarry Highlanders, and left a translation of one of their boat songs among his papers, set to music by himself. It shows that the indignities above described, atrocious though they be, were not sufficient to wean the patriots from their heart's idol, Albyn. How little does the country know the treasure she is casting away in those devoted clansmen ?

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

LISTEN to me, as when you heard our father,  
 Sing, long ago, the song of other shores ;  
 Listen to me, and then in chorus gather,  
 All your deep voices as ye pull your oars ;  
 Fair these broad meads—those hoary woods are grand ;  
 But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

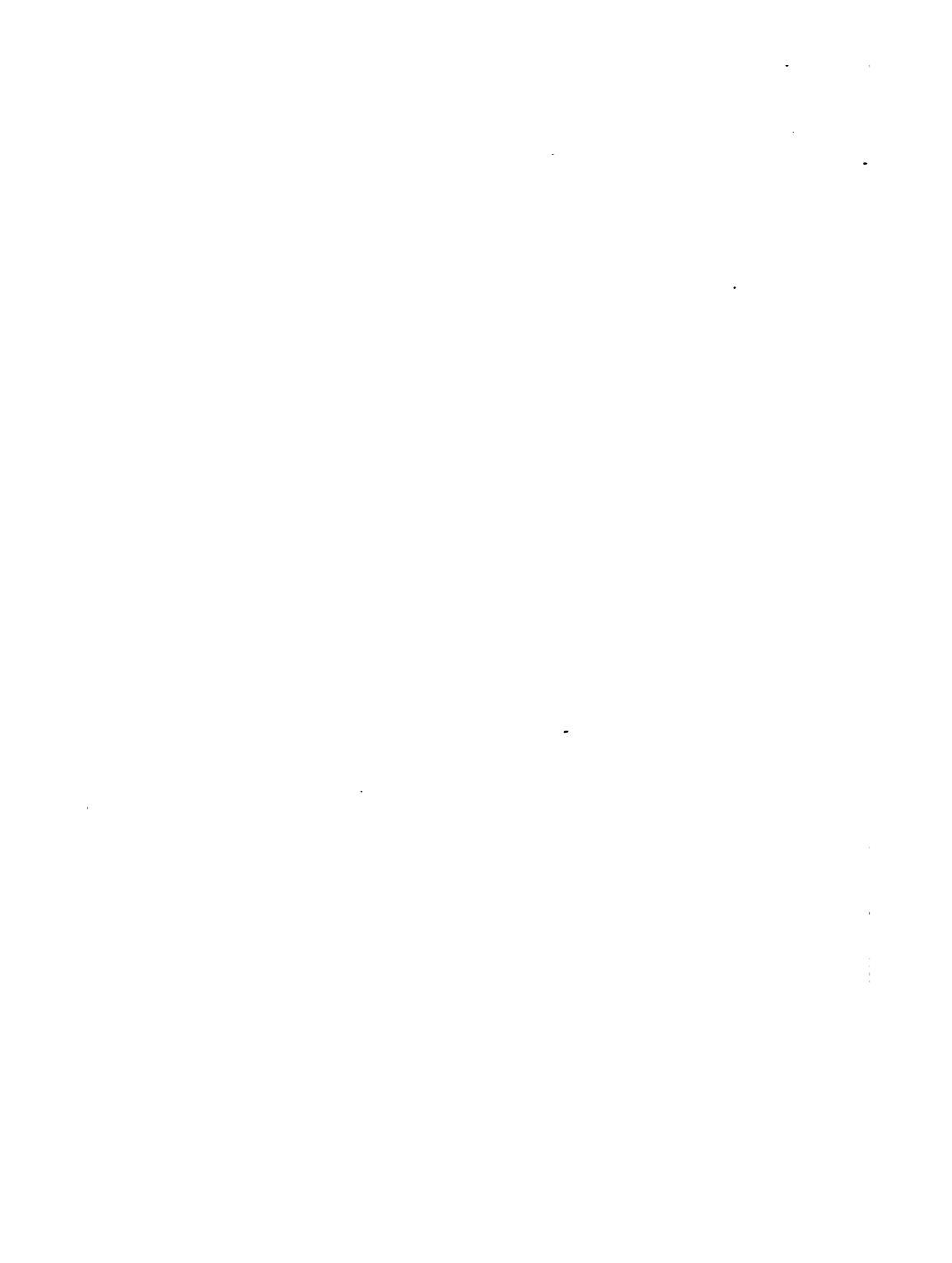
From the lone sheiling of the misty island  
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas;  
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,  
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,  
Where, 'twixt the dark hills, creeps the small clear stream;  
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,  
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished,  
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,  
No seer foretold the children should be banished,  
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Come, foreign raid! let discord burst in slaughter!  
Oh, then for clansmen true and keen claymore!  
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,  
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic's roar.  
Fair these broad meads—those hoary woods are grand;  
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

TART'S MAGAZINE, June, 1849.



## TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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We deem it due to the memory of the deceased, to intimate to the subscribers for this work, that the very talented young man, W. D. CAMPBELL, the author of the Poem, is now no more. He died on the 10th instant, an hour or two previous to the last sheet having been sent for revision. He had been long ill, though it was not until within a few weeks of his death that his friends became alarmed at the progress of the disease—consumption, brought on by cold. He was a young man, about twenty-eight years of age, of a noble disposition, affectionate and kind, and esteemed by all. His love of country amounted almost to a passion; and, though not a Highlander by birth,—having been born at Newark Castle, in Ayrshire, then possessed by his father, Captain D. Campbell—he was so by parentage and in feeling, and the “RAID OF ALBYN”—the last production of his pen—may be considered as a dying effort in behalf of his unfortunate countrymen. We may mention that the work was a joint production between the deceased and his father—the latter furnishing the Introduction, Notes, and Addenda—and to show the zeal with which he engaged in the task, and the ease with which the poem was written, we may state that, although suffering from infirm health, he completed a canto every night, of the three last cantos, until the whole was finished. We may also mention, that the original draught of the engravings was from his pencil, and that the “Aged Bard” and “Carril”—his father and himself—are portraits. Though engaged in a commercial situation—which he filled to the entire satisfaction of his employers—much of his leisure was given to literary pursuits, and he has left various MSS. which attest his genius, especially a number of spirited sketches in reference to the late war in Mexico, in which he had served during two campaigns.

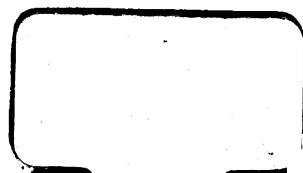
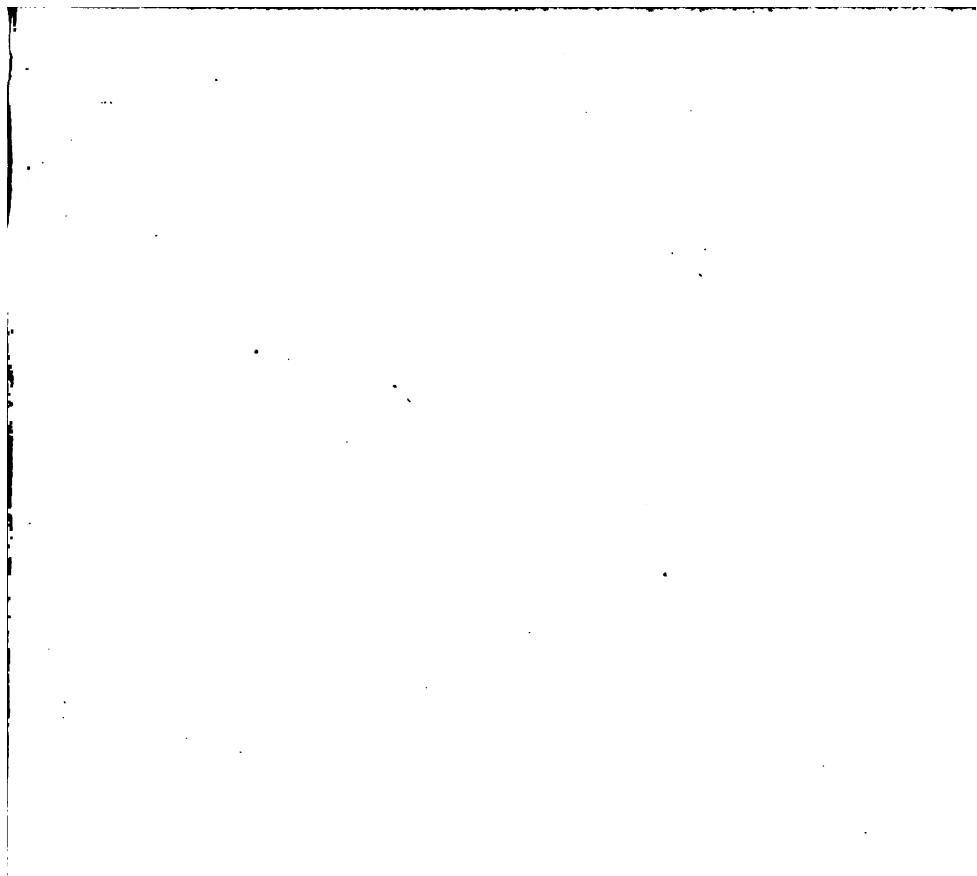
THE PUBLISHER.

11th January, 1854.









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